The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVI. | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1883. | NO. 51

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

To be sure!
Who keers for McClure?
He's all on a rile,
On account of Carlisle.

The Williamsport *Times*, last week, must have been flush—we got three separate copies of Dec. 6 in one day, in its printed wrappers. The *Times* is a good paper, but we don't need so much of the good thing at once.

In the Nutt trial no jury could be found, the whole panel having been exhausted. A change of venue was then asked for and the case will be taken from Uniontown to Pittsburg for trial.

Speaking of the legislative salary grabbers the Philad. *Times* says: The voters should paste in their hats the names of men who were willing to take more than a half million dollars from the Public Treasury for doing just nothing at all When they come to vote for future legislators these names will be extremely good names to leave off their tickets.

In our opinion M'Clure's case is very serious, taking initials for it, he can neither P(attison) nor C(arlisle).

The *World* says the vote on the first ballot for the Speakership presents some interesting features. Mr. Carlisle received 104 votes, which was exactly double the number cast for Mr. Randall —52. Mr. Carlisle's state, Kentucky, gave him its solid vote. Mr. Randall's state, Pennsylvania, stood solidly for him. New York divided, casting 7 of its 20 votes for Randall and the balance, 13, for Mr. Cox.

The "sectional" nonsense was exploded by the vote. Mr. Randall received more votes than Carlisle from Alabama and Virginia and all the votes from Maryland. Twenty of the 52 votes cast for Randall, or about 40 per cent., came from the Southern States. The California delegation was broken up, 3 for Cox, Carlisle 2, and 1 for Randall. The Western States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin gave Carlisle 28 votes and Randall 7. Six of the latter came from Ohio. Ohio also gave Cox 5 votes for "auld lang syne." New York gave Carlisle no votes on the first ballot, if there had been "no choice," all the 13 Cox votes would doubtless have gone for Carlisle.

The friendly spirit of the caucus was gratifying, and the congratulations offered by the defeated candidates to their fortunate competitor were no doubt sincere.

Randall and Keifer were appointed to escort Carlisle to the Speaker's chair, which they did amid great applause. The new Speaker immediately began his speech. It was short and was listened to with the greatest of interest. After returning thanks for the honor conferred upon him, he said:

I am sure, gentlemen, that all matters of legislation presented during this Congress will receive from you such careful consideration as the magnitude and character of the interests involved require, and that your action upon them will be wise, conservative and patriotic. Sudden and radical changes in the law and regulations affecting the commercial and the industrial interests of the people ought never to be made unless imperatively demanded by some public emergency; and in my opinion, under existing circumstances, such changes would not be favorably received by any considerable number of those who have given serious attention to the subject. [Applause.] Many reforms are undoubtedly necessary and it will be your duty, after a careful examination of the whole subject in all its bearings, to decide how far they should extend and when and in what manner they should be made. [Applause.] If there be any who fear that your action on this or any other subject will actually be injurious to any interest, or even afford reasonable cause for alarm, I am quite sure that they will be agreeably disappointed. [Applause.] What the country has a right to expect is strict economy in the administration of every department of the government, just and equal taxation for public purposes, a faithful observance of the limitations of the Constitution, and a scrupulous regard for the rights and interests of the great body of the people.

The Grant pole that "A. K. M." raised one day last week toppled over in less than 24 hours.

Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke) will travel through the Southern States during the fall and winter, for the purpose of writing a series of letters to his paper, the *Toledo Blade*, his impressions of the great South. The million readers of this paper who have read "Nasby in Exile," (Nasby's letters from Europe,) will appreciate how the subject will be handled.

Everybody is invited to send for a specimen copy. See advertisement in another column.

Charles Seltyre, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I used Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and it did more for me than I thought it would.

THE SOUTH AND THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The New York *Herald*, ind: We notice a disposition in certain republican quarters to sound the alarm of the "sectionalism" in connection with the result of the Speakership contest and to treat the election of Mr. Carlisle as a dangerous triumph of the "solid South." The *Tribune*, for instance said, "Democracy, then, means Mr. Carlisle—that is, it is a Southern and not a Northern party." The *Nat. Republican*, of Washington speaks in the same vein. "The election," it says, "clearly shows that democratic success now means Southeran success, and no matter who is put forward and elected as their representative the fruits of their victory must necessarily inure to the section which rebelled twenty years ago." Other republican organs might be quoted to the same effect.

This attempt to raise a sectional issue out of the choice for Speaker finds no support or color in its facts and character of the contest. On the contrary, the election of the Southern man in the person of Mr. Carlisle is, under the circumstances, to be hailed as one of the most encouraging political signs of the day. Mr. Carlisle was not elected because he has a Southern policy in any sectional sense In the choice of Speaker and in the discussion which preceded the choice no prominence was given to any sectional consideration, nor was any importance attached to the fact that one candidate was from the South and the rest from the North. The consideration which controlled all others was the tariff issue, with the conviction in the minds of a large majority of representative democrats that this is by far the most important problem that now confronts the statesmanship of the nation.

Mr. Carlisle believed that the interests of the country demand a wise, judicious tariff reform, and that the democratic party ought to undertake that work. He took a firm stand, squarely, openly and bravely, on that platform. His candidacy represented a principle. It meant an affirmative, active, manly policy, not a negative, do nothing, evasive one. It was because he stood for these things, and because he had in a high degree all the other qualifications for the office, that he was the choice of the majority for Speaker.

An analysis of the caucus vote reveals also an encouraging sign in the Southern States. Of Mr. Randall's fifty-two votes, twenty, or nearly half, were given him by nine Southern States, while two Southern States gave one vote each to Mr. Cox. Of eighty-three Southern votes Mr. Carlisle got but sixty-one, or about three fourths. This indicates not a solid, but a divided South. It proves that the South is not disposed to vote as a unit for a man simply because he is a Southerner.

In view of these considerations the fact that Mr. Carlisle is a Southerner makes his election a matter of national congratulation. It shows that the time has come when one of the great political parties no longer hesitates to take a representative from the South for one of the most important offices in the nation when the right sort of man is found in the South. It shows that a Southern man is not shut out from high places simply because he happens to be a Southerner. So far from affording any occasion for reviving the ill-timed cry of "sectionalism," it shows a dying of sectional feeling and an obliteration of sectional lines. It shows that the country is becoming more naturalized politically. And it is high time that this desirable result should be brought about. We rejoice that a good Southern man has been elevated to a leading position in the national government by a combined Northern and Southern vote.

The attitude of McClure's *Times* as a bloody shirt organ, is as laughable as the fix of the nigger who butted a rotten cheese at New Orleans.

The local railroad committee—Messrs. Jno. I. Thompson, Sam'l Gilliland, Wm M'Farlane, Fred'k Kurtz and Wm. Wolf, had a meeting with a select committee of the Penn'a directors in Philad. this week, which we trust will result in a decision for the completion of our road. In fact, the latter have already as good as promised to proceed with the extension "immediately." There is no room for hemming and hawing any longer about the wrong done our people in regard to our road. The Penn'a R. R. company is abundantly able, and in honor bound to do our people justice. They understand the situation fully by this time, and there can be no excuse for delay upon any ground whatever. The committee will be firm in their demand, and will leave nothing undone on their part to hasten the completion of our railroad.

Those fellows who said the Pennsylvania legislature would never adjourn will now own that they are not in line with the prophets.

NO RAILROAD.

The meeting of the railroad committees in Philadelphia on Tuesday resulted in this: The Penn'a railroad asks the people along the line to guarantee the payment of $25,000—for stock—to complete our roadbed, upon which they agree to finish the road—the money to be paid as soon as they have the cars running. This means no railroad unless somebody will raise the above sum.

The following resolution was passed by the Penn'a R. R Co.:

Resolved, That if the local citizens will secure a subscription of $25,000 to the capital stock of the Lewisburg & Tyrone R. R. Co. to be paid upon the completion of the road from Spring Mills to Lemont, the Penn'a R. R. Co. will subscribe a sufficient amount in addition to the $25 000 to complete the road from Spring Mills to Lemont.

GOVERNOR PATTISON'S REASONS FOR VETOING THE LEGISLATIVE PAY BILL.

The following extract contains the most important part of Governor Pattison's message vetoing the outrageous bill passed by both branches of the Legislature to provide for the "expenses" of the extra session:

In accordance with the authority given to the Governor to disapprove of any items of an appropriation bill, I disapprove of all items of the hereinwith returned bill, except those items in section three, providing for the pay of certain employes of the Senate, and those items in section four for the pay of certain employes of the house, and section seven for the expense of serving a writ of election to fill a vacancy in the house of representatives. To all other items of this bill I decline to give my approval.

The members of the general assembly were convened in special session for the purpose of apportioning the State as commanded by the Constitution. The command was upon them to pass such laws at the regular session, but they adjourned a few days after their right to pay ceased with their sworn constitutional duty unperformed. They were immediately recalled into session to obey the organic law, to keep their oaths and to accord to the people the most important political rights. They again deliberately refused to perform their constitutional duty and are about to adjourn.

After wasting six months in contemning the Constitution they now send me this bill appropriating over half a million dollars to pay themselves for refusing to do what they were elected and sworn to do. Every consideration of law and the simplest principles of common justice protest against such an attempt to take the money of the people without consideration. There is no law authorizing public officers to pay themselves for defying the law. Such an inconsistency could not exist in the jurisprudence of any enlightened government. No citizen in his private business capacity would sanction such a principle as that underlying this bill. The fact that one has been elected by the people to an office does not of itself entitle him to pay. He must perform the duties of his office. As well might a judge claim his salary who refuses to hold court or try the causes before him. The members of the Legislature have refused to do their duty in compliance with the command of the Constitution, the vow of their official oath, and the purpose of their election.

THE ELEVEN DAY'S RECESS.

When this session was convened, instead of proceeding at once to perform their duty, the members of the Legislature, for their personal convenience, immediately took a recess for eleven days, by this bill every legislator is given of the people's money ten dollars a day for each day of that recess. To sanction this would be to admit that they might have taken a recess for the year and a half remaining of their terms, and have paid themselves many thousands of dollars each while remaining at their homes and attending to their private concerns. For over one-half the time since the Legislature was convened the Senate has not been in session at all, having by resolution deliberately resolved not to sit or make an effort to obey the law. On many of the days when it did hold session, but a few minutes were occupied, and no single act was done looking to a performance of duty. The record of the house of representatives upon this subject, while not so culpable, is not highly reprehensible, it not having held sessions for many days, yet for the whole recess, from June 7 to December 5, whether days of session, no session or sham session, Lord's day and holidays, for all alike, ten dollars a day for the entire time is given by this bill to every senator and member.

Monstrous as such a claim would be under any circumstances, it is yet the more repugnant to law, equity and common sense when asserted by officials who declaring the very existence of republican government by refusing to obey the plainest and most imperative constitutional commands and give to the people the most sacred and valuable of political rights. This bill exacts to the last penny all the compensation that the most faithful, industrious, patriotic an law-obeying legislators could get for the performance of every duty imposed upon them, and the realization of every public benefit that could be expected from them.

Under this bill mileage is claimed by members and officers for going from their homes to the seat of Government and returning, who were present in Harrisburg when the extra session was called, having been paid by the state to be there, and who have also been already paid for returning to their homes. So, too, ten dollars a day is claimed by this bill for sessions upon days when, to use the language of the law, there were no sessions held "at" which members could be.

The press all over the state is bitter in its denunciation of the legislature on the salary grab. It is the most shamefaced steal yet heard of. We give the governor's veto in another column, but the swag suckers passed it over the veto, and went and took the filthy lucre.

Every old subscriber sending us one year's subscription in advance and a new name with advance pay between now and January 1, '84, we will send the REPORTER 2 months extra and a copy of the "Farmer's Companion & Prize Monthly" one year free. The Far Companion" is a large-sized 4-page paper, which will suit our farmer readers. We make this liberal offer in order to induce advance payment and save the expense of a collector. Send us a new name and secure for yourself and the new this double premium. ti

—If you want fine candies for the holidays, just go to Cedars, Bellefonte, who have just unpacked the finest stock ever brought to this county, and cheap. Its fruits and nuts in endless variety and the finest white grapes.

Finest assortment of toilet articles for Holiday presents, at Zeller's, Bellefonte. 2

—The Philad. Branch is the best clothing store for bargains in suits.

"Don't Spill the Milk."

"There is no use crying over spilled milk," says the old saw. If you are not only bald, but have no life in the roots of your hair, there is no use crying over that, either. Take both time and yourself by the forelock while there is a forelock left. Apply Parker's Hair Balsam to your hair before matters get worse. It will arrest the falling off of your hair and restore its original color, gloss and softness. It is a perfect dressing withal, clean, richly perfumed, cools and heals the scalp. decstt

Go and see the toilet goods, plush, etc., at Zeller's drug store—finest goods ever had at Bellefonte, for the holidays. 2

MURDER WILL OUT.

After Seventeen Years the Old Adage again Proved.

The Mystery Surrounding Horrible Crimes at Last Cleared Up by a Woman.

SEYMOUR, Ind., Nov. 28.—There has arrived in Medora, a small town near here, a woman describing herself as Eliza Kemp, agent for the sale of dress patterns. Seventeen years ago there occurred in Seymour one of the most blood curdling and mysterious murders ever committed in this section. Subsequently three other murders were committed, caused directly by the first. For the past seventeen years these murders have been entirely surrounded in the deepest mystery, and not until now, when the testimony of Eliza Kemp was given, was the true history of the crime known. On January 3 1866, Moore Woodmansee, a wealthy merchant of Medora, came to Seymour on his way to Cincinnati. He had $2,000 in cash to buy goods with. He registered at the Reader house for the night. Next morning he was missed from his room. Nine months later a body was found in White river with the head cut off, but on examination the doctors proved it to be the remains of Woodmansee. The Rader house was ransacked for evidence of the suspected murderer. On removing the carpet of the room occupied by Woodmansee, bloodstains were found on the floor. Gordon Kinney, an employe of the hotel, was suspected of having knowledge of the murder. When the excitement caused by the finding of the body was at its highest point an unknown man called Kinney from his door one night. As Kinney opened the door, he was shot and instantly killed by the stranger. After this all efforts to find the murderer were abandoned. In 1872 Reuben Wheeler was mortally wounded and on his death bed confessed that on the night of the Woodmansee murder two men had taken from Rader's stable a horse and wagon which they returned next morning with the bottom of the wagon covered with blood. Rader was arrested for the murder, but acquitted, and the affair was again a mystery. On the night of the murder a dance was being held at the Rader House Towards the close Sam Long and A. W. Flynn, two gamblers, left suddenly. It was known that Flynn and Woodmansee had had a difficulty over a law suit. Flynn threatened to kill him, and his partner, Sam Long, said the case should never come to another trial. After the murder these men returned to Medora. Every time during the many years any new evidence concerning the Woodmansee murder was reported, it was followed by a meeting of these men. Suspicion began to point strongly towards them. Flynn then threatened to shoot one Emery, who had accused him of the murder, but Emery shot first and instantly killed Flynn. Sam Long then disappeared, and Alden Rodman, his suspected accomplice, was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged. Thus, from knowing the murder of Woodmansee, Kinney was killed, Wheeler mortally wounded, Flynn shot dead and Rodman hanged. Seventeen years passed away, but the mystery had not yet been solved. Eliza Kemp testified that she occupied room No. 8, next to Woodmansee, in the Rader house on the fatal night. She said: "On that night I was suddenly awakened by a noise in Woodmansee's room. In a second I was fully awake and realized that some one in the next room was begging for his life. I then heard some one say, 'Sam, kill the ——————.' Then a blow, followed by a heavy fall. Then one said, 'He's dead, d—n him.' They then agreed to take his body, cut the head off and throw the body into the river. I left Seymour early next morning, and have never told what I heard, as my life has been threatened time and again through anonymous letters and other ways."

Thus, after seventeen years, murder will out.

CIVIL SERVICE IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. Eaton Examines Black and White Office Seekers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Civil Service Commissioner Eaton has returned to Washington from a trip to North Carolina and South Carolina, where he has been holding examinations in order that the quotas of employes due to those states in the various departments may be filled. The first examination held in North Carolina took place in Raleigh on Nov. 23, and the first in South Carolina was held in Columbia four days later. In both places ladies were among the competitors, and from one fourth to one third of all those who were examined were colored. Mr. Eaton was somewhat curious about the result of having blacks and whites compete, and at Raleigh, where the examination was held in the court house, he had a number of tables provided, so that the two races might be separated if they desired. He was a good deal surprised when he entered the room to find white men and colored men sitting side by side as if all were of one race. The same was true of the examination at Columbia. At the latter place one of the competitors was the son of a lawyer who was very prominent before and during the war as a pro-slavery advocate. Beside him sat a black man of about the same age, who was born a slave and who had educated himself. Each was examined in the five subjects for the higher grade, and were occupied between five and six hours. In two of the five subjects the negro passed a better examination than his white brother, and the two finished their work within eight minutes of each other. Commissioner Eaton is well pleased with the result of the examinations as a whole.

In Honor of an Actor.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—The Boston theater was packed at the testimonial benefit to Joseph Proctor on the semi-centennial of his adoption of the stage. Edwin Booth purchased a box, contributing $100. Lawrence Barrett, M. B. Curtis and other noted actors, as well as the entire fraternity in Boston, did their utmost to make the occasion the success it was.

They Will Be Paid.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 1.—The locomotive engineers of the Texas and St. Louis Narrow Gauge railroad have been on a strike since last Tuesday on account of the refusal of the company to pay the arrears of wages due for several months. President Parramore said that the difficulty will be arranged at once, and the pay car has been ordered [illegible]

TOOK FULL PAY.

Following is the entire list of Representatives, eighty-eight in all, who have drawn full pay, including mileage and recess: Abbett, Barnes, Beer, Bennett, Bigler Brennan, Isaac Brown, Broisius, Burt, Buttermore, Carberry, Clayton, Coburn, Collins, Coolbaugh, E. L. Davis, L. H. Davis, Geegan, Deveney, Donahue, Ealer. Eberly, Ellsworth, Emery, Euston, Evans, Fortner, Fry, Fulmer, Furth, Gahan, Gallagher, Harrar, A. W. Hayes, Hothersall, Hines, Higgins, Himmelreich, Hoover, Hughes, Hunter, Lafferty, La Touche, Mawhinney, Meyer, Miller, Molineaux, Ellis Morris, McCabe, McLaran, Joseph M'Donald, McMillan McWilliams, Neeley, Nelson, O'Neill, Ormsby, Parkhill, Parkison, Robertson, Reilly, Rohrer, Romig, Saybolt, Schlicher, Schwartz, Shafer, Short, Slocum, Joseph Smith, Snader, Sneering, E. G. Snyder, J. M. Snyder, E. H. Snyder, Sterrett, Sweeny, W. E. Thompson, Townsend, Trant, Vanderslice, Naughn, Waltz, Wolfsidler, Yerkes.—*Times.*

TANNING HUMAN SKINS.

[From His Recent Speech.]

A man came into my office and brought me a shoe made from the skin of a woman's breast. Said I: "Where did his come from?" It was a tanned shoe-tanned leather." "Oh," said he, "there is plenty of this to be got." "Is there. Where does it come from?" said I. "I comes from Tewksbury." "How does it get there?" "Men die in Tewksbury." "How does it get here?" "Why, they take them down to Harvard, skin them and tan them up to Woburn, down to Lynn," and other places which he mentioned. What was I to do? Lay down the furrow and let that industry go out? Not much. [Cheers and applause.] I brought it before the Committee, and after a struggle I got some of the evidence before it, and some they ruled out by a party vote. And I produced the slipper, one of them; the other you can see in a Washington street window and lay, and skins from five tanneries. Skins from your fellow creatures and mine. Some of them as good men as we are in every respect before misfortune and disease brought them into an almshouse, Applause.] It may be your misfortune, any of us, to outlive your wife and children, your relatives, and there will nobody on whom you can depend and you may have to go to the almshouse, and have no friends to reclaim your body within twenty four hours, or to ward off your death, you may be taken away for the purpose of dissection. It may be. But so. But when you are dissected, and in the good to science has been gotten out of your remains, for God's sake, for humanity's sake and for Christ's sake let those remains be decently buried and not skinned and tanned. [Prolonged applause.] The Republican papers tell me that General Butler must go on account of what he has done about Tewksbury. Be it so. I can go to Heaven on that issue if I could go on with no other. [Vociferous applause.] I appeal to you, fathers; I appeal to you, brothers; I appeal to you, sons; I appeal to you, mothers, daughters and wives, whether I am right or wrong, and I cast myself upon the sound, humane, Christian judgement of men and women of this Common wealth to say. [It was several moments before the vast audience ceased applauding and cheering at this stage of the speaker's remarks.] * * * *

They say I have done something to the good name of the Commonwealth. Why, I only took up their old charges which they smothered, and which I found on the executive files, and presented them not as my charges, but as the charges of the Board of Charities of that day against the Institution I desired very much to know what about it, and I found what about it. I found out first that the Institution had been so managed that seventy-one out of seventy-three children died immediately after being sent there I found that fact, and that is not denied by anybody. I found another thing. I found that contrary to law men had been taken and sold as merchandise by the hundred, and I am one that believes that a man, poor or rich, pauper or convict, has a right to find at least a pauper's grave. [Tremendous applause.] If any one will not give him that I will defend him. [Applause.]

Look out for the great holiday attractions at the Bee Hive.

Newport, Perry county, has the champion mean man, who steals an eighty-year old man's stove wood.—Harrisburg *Patriot*. Centreville, Snyder county, lays claim to a meaner man who stole a chicken from an old lady 85 years of age and almost helpless.—Juniata *Herald*. We admit these fellows are a pair of pretty mean cusses, but they are not half so mean as the man who will take his county paper a number of years and then sneak off to some other place without paying for it or even notifying the publisher that he has removed. Such a man is the quintessence of meanness.—Huntingdon *Journal*.

The REPORTER now and then finds such a mean man on its list—he sneaks off to a new place after taking the REPORTER for several years thinking we can't find him, and cheats us out of our honest dues.

—If you want to give your boy a Christmas present that will make him happy, buy him one of those handsome suits at the Philad. Branch, they are put down low for the holiday season, and enable parents to buy a Christmas suit for their boy.

As Christmas approaches and you are looking around for a present for a friend don't miss calling at the well-known Philadelphia Branch and see their immense stock of clothing especially purchased for the holiday season, and prices put down so that any one can afford to buy a suit for a man or boy from $2 50 up. Remember prices have been put down especially to suit the holiday trade, and a bargain is guaranteed, in any suit you buy, that can not be equalled by any clothing house in Pennsylvania. 2

—Fresh oysters No. 1 in quality, sweet potatoes, fine oranges and lemons, all the best dried and canned fruits, all kinds of cured meats at the boss grocery of Sechler & Co., in the Bush House block. They keep none but strictly first class goods—guaranteed such—and sell them lower than many other stores do stale and inferior groceries.

KEEP THE HEAD COOL AND THE FEET WARM.

This is the advice of wise physicians. Cold feet are due to a feeble circulation of the blood. We are selling the celebrated Wilsonia Insoles which impart magnetic currents to the blood, quickening the circulation—the result is warm feet. These insoles will also relieve numbness, burning and rheumatic pain in the feet and ankles. Call and examine them and judge for yourselves.

JOHN POWERS & SON,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Nasby's Paper.

The Toledo Weekly Blade.

CIRCULATION 115,000.

This vast circulation is because the BLADE is a paper of the whole country. It is not thrown together, but every line is edited by competent hands. It is a complete epitome of the news of the week, and whoever reads the BLADE carefully needs nothing else to be informed as to what the world is doing. Editorially the BLADE has made a proud record. It has an opinion on everything that affects the people of the country, and it expresses it boldly, fearlessly and forcibly. As good as the BLADE has been in past years, we shall make it better in the year to come.

Among the features for the coming year will be the regular "Nasby Letters," two serials by Nasby entitled "Nasby in Exile," and "Nasby in the South," a serial story by Earnest Warren, entitled "Court and Camp"; a serial by John McElroy, author of Andersonville, "Reminiscences of an Army Mule"; a serial by an Austrian nobleman; besides our regular departments, "Household," "Answers to Correspondents," "Camp Fire," etc. We publish all the news and latest corrected markets.

Politically the BLADE will continue an exponent of true Republicanism, believing that the best interests of the country demand the continuance of its control in the hands of the party that represents the highest and most advanced ideas.

THE RUM POWER.

The BLADE will fight this monster iniquity with all the power it possesses, and in every way possible. The BLADE holds the liquor traffic to be a greater curse than slavery, and a thousand times more dangerous to the country.

We ask the co-operation of every well-wisher of the Republic that our work may be effective. We ask every Republican in the United States to assist in extending the circulation of the BLADE, especially among those of the Republican party who believe as we do in the necessity of "pulverizing the rum power." We want the BLADE in as many families as possible this winter that it may be read before the excitement of a political campaign, giving it time for its truths to take root in the minds of its readers.

The Weekly BLADE $1.00 a year, postpaid, to everybody. Those preferring may receive the BLADE, THREE months, by remitting 30 cents, or clubs of three months trial subscribers, of not less than four, 25 cents each.

OUR GREAT ART OFFER.

A $10 Steel Engraving for $1. Write us for a specimen copy of the Weekly BLADE, which will give full particulars of this the greatest offer ever made by any publisher. We send specimen copies of the BLADE free to any address. We want as many addresses as possible to send specimen copies to. Write a postal card asking for a specimen copy for yourself, and send us the name of your neighbors. We want to send out a half million specimen copies within the next month. Don't be modest as to the number.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

2000 Late Arrivals!

AT

BELLEFONTE WANTING HOMES!

COME AND SEE.

2000 DOLLS AT BELLEFONTE

MUSIC STORE.

SINGING DOLLS, CHINA, PATENT, BISK } Patent Dolls at 15 CENTS.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS,

DRUMS, DRUMS, DRUMS

WEDDING PRESENTS, CHRISTMAS, BIRTHDAY } Presents for ALL

Fine Bisk figures.—Parian figures.
Steel Engravings from 50 cts. to $15.
Oil Paintings and Chromos.
Picture frames; Photo frames.
Vases, Brackets and Music Stands.

FINE STOCK OF

JEWELRY, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE,

WATCHES, WATCHES.

DON'T FORGET

Special rates on Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines, for the Holidays.

☞This offer for 30 days only.

BUNNELL & AIKENS,
28nov4t Bellefonte, Pa.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Why the Doctor was Disgusted, and what Might have been done Without Him.

"Well, wife," said Dr. E——, as he entered his house, which was situated in a cosy village in central New York. "I have got back from a long and dreary ride away down among the mountains, and all to no purpose whatever. The messenger said the man wouldn't live till morning, when the fact is he had only an ordinary attack of colic, if the simpletons had only had enough sense to put a BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER on his stomach he would have been all right in an hour or two. But some folks are slow to learn," added the old physician, swallowing the cup of steaming tea which his wife had just poured for him.

Doctor E—— was right, yet people do learn, even though slowly. The rapidly increasing use of Benson's plaster proves this beyond question, and the good doctors are certain to save much of their needless toil. In all diseases capable of being affected by a plaster of Benson's acts efficiently and at once. The genuine have the word "Capcine" cut in the centre. Price, 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. 6m

Saved A Scalp.

Do I believe in presentiments? Well, you can bet I do! I'll relate some of my experiences, and then you may see something in it too.

The above was part of a conversation I had a short time ago with an old frontiersman named George W. Packard. The following is just as he related his experiences to me:

I am a native of Ohio, but came West in 1853 and entered the employ of the Overland Express Company as station agent, my post being in Utah, my duty being the care of relays of stock.

One evening, just as twilight was gathering, the day expressman having changed horses and gone, I ate my supper, then brought my stock in, which consisted of two ponies and two mules. After "hobbling" them securely, I "picketed" them in a circle about where I intended to lie down, near the trail, as was my custom, so that I might hear the next messenger, should he chance along before daybreak, and also hear any disturbance of my stock. This being done I wrapped myself in my blankets and lay down on my "ready-made" bed (the bare ground). Around me all was still as death, save the movements of my stock, and the rustling of the branches of the rank sage brush, which in that country grows to the height of three to four feet.

Above me the stars shone out in all the brightness this western country only can show. But sleep would not come this night, try as I might. I lay during what seemed hours to me, yet I could not sleep. Presently my stock seemed fretful, just as they would do when a storm was coming on. Again and again I tried to sleep until a dread came over me, from which I became quite nervous. I arose, taking my rifle, and went all around for 200 or 300 feet, but not a living thing could I see or hear. The stillness was not broken even by a coyote's howl. So I went back and, wrapping my blankets about me, I lay down again, laughing at my nervousness, determined to sleep; but instead of sleep a feeling took possession of me such as I cannot describe. Something seemed to be tugging at me and drawing me towards my stock. I involuntarily arose and walked to my stock, which still seemed fretful. I loosened their lariats and led them, as this impulse led me, into the sage brush some distance from the trail, all the while calling myself coward, and using all my will power to overcome the strange feeling which seemed to possess me; yet I picketed my my stock, went back and removed my entire "outfit" to my new quarters.

Then again lying down, intending to sleep, a feeling of satisfaction seemed to replace the dread which had so controlled me. I lay there only a few minutes, thinking of what the expressman would think of me, in case he came through before daylight, when the air was rent by the most hideous yells that ever escaped from the lips of a redskin. I crawled out from among my stock, and looking out from the brush could faintly see the outlines of a dozen Arapahoes. They had found the clearing where I had been in camp, and finding my fire out and everything deserted, they left, after looking around in some of the brush, at times being close enough for me to have shot them with my pistols. Imagine my feelings as they struck off the trail west. My "lucky star" shone that night sure!

Daylight came at last, but no expressman yet. I waited until half the forenoon was gone, when I became alarmed for his safety. With more or less fear, yet knowing my duty, I mounted my pony and started west on the trail to see if he was in sight. I rode on for about ten miles when my pony gave a snort. All at once the truth flashed before me. The red devils had met and murdered him. Riding a little further I came upon his body lying in the trail, scalped, robbed, and mutilated horribly by their tomahawks, and his pony lying dead at his side.

"Lucky Star," "Luck," "Presentiment," call it what you may. It was just that something which saved my scalp, that night, and I don't forget it.

HELENUS.

The Waste of Animal Food.

The flesh of domestic animals fit for food is almost a waste substance in many countries, since it can not be locally consumed nor profitably preserved. In the River Plate Republics alone there are 80,000,000 sheep and 25,000,000 cattle to a population of 2,500,000. For years sheep were only valued there for their wool, and, when flayed, carcasses were left to rot, or, when dried in the sun, piled up in stacks for fuel, while later on they were boiled down for their tallow. Sheep get very fat in the province of Buenos Ayres, and those of three and four years will frequently give from eighteen to twenty-five pounds of tallow. Countless numbers of sheep are boiled down every year in the so-called graserias only for the tallow, which forms one of the staple articles of export. The mutton is thrown away, or used in a dry state as fuel. In the five years ending with 1850, more than 1,500,000 sheep and 200,000 horned cattle were boiled down simply for their tallow, in the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria.

How they found out: On a train two gentlemen were discussing the nativity of a third who sat near them. "I'll bet he's a Southern man." "No, he looks more like a Westerner." "We can tell by asking him a question, can't we?" "All right, for the cigars, now he's a Westerner, and I'll ask him the question." So he went across the car and politely said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but what time is it?" "Well, sah," he replied, looking at his watch, "it is fo' minutes befo' fo'." That settled it.

Why is a palm tree like chronology? Because it furnishes dates.

MR. WALL last season distributed about four bushels of the Ricta wheat—a rust-proof variety—among about forty farmers living in various portions of the State. It was grown on the plains of Tuscany, and is reported to be the only kind that does not rust in that locality. The reports received from those who have planted it in Mississippi indicate that it has thus far proven to be a reliable rust-proof variety.

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again,
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be:
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought.
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,—
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

THE LIFE SHE SAVED.

Round and sparkling, like a crystal globe of dew, the big tear rolled down Bessie Baton's cheek, and plashed upon the faded ingain carpet of the dreary fireless hall bedroom, in which she sat upon her own shabby little trunk, the red shawl drawn tightly around her for warmth's sake, the roar and rattle of the avenue below rising up to her ear like the howl of a distant demon.

For Bessie was a country girl, and better acquainted with the gurgle of alder-shaded brooks and the hum of bees than the rush of omnibus wheels and the whizz of trains over the elevated roads.

Bessie's visit to New York was proving rather a disappointment.

She had committed the not unnatural error of taking her city cousin's entirely at their word when, after a month at Bluebell Farm, they had invited her to come and see them in the city.

So she had indulged in a new violet cashmere, made by the village dressmaker, a little straw hat with a wreath of daisies and new boots and gloves and taken the eight o'clock train to the city one fine morning.

But Mrs. Milton Munger's house, instead of the elegant mansion on Fifth Avenue, which she had hinted at, was a big domicile over a shoe store, where she kept boarders, and expended most of the profits in showy dresses for herself and her two daughters, Medora and Adeliza.

And she stared blankly enough at Bessie Barton when that dimpled young damsel presented herself smilingly at the door.

At first she could scarcely recall her face, but presently she remembered who it was.

"Ah," said she, "its Cousin Barton's girl from Bluebell Farm, isn't it? Dear me, what on earth has brought you here?"

"Medora and Adeliza asked me to return their visit," said Bessie, feeling as if her heart was plunged into a cold bath. And—and I didn't know that you kept a boarding-house!"

"It isn't a boarding-house," sharply retorted Mrs. Munger. "If I choose to share my expenses with a few refined friends, I don't know that my establishment need to be called a boarding-house. But I'll call the girls. Medora! Adeliza—where are you?"

Medora Munger emerged from the parlor where she had been hammering away on a wretched old skeleton of a piano.

Adeliza came up from the uncongenial occupation of polishing red apples for desert in a mouldy smelling dining-room where the boarders ate their dinner by gaslight, and there issued forth a whiff of blackbeetles every time the cupboard doors were opened.

And together they escorted their cousin Bessie up to the chilly hall bedroom, whose atmosphere seemed to strike like a frozen knife to her heart.

"Oh, of course we're glad to see you," said Medora, adjusting the frizzes before the misty little looking-glass framed in cherry wood. "But it's unlucky that you should come just now, when the house is so full, and the waitress has gone, and there's such a deal to do. But you can sleep with me and 'Liza, in the dark room off the linen-closet, and I dare say we'll get along very comfortably."

But this style of speech was so different from the gushing cordiality displayed some three months before at the Bluebell Farm by these ladies, that Bessie Barton could scarcely believe her ears.

And she was just making up her mind to propose a return to the country after three days of chrysalis existence in the dark dining-room and gloomy back parlor, which were so widely different from her pictured anticipations of city life, when Mrs. Munger broke out with a totally unexpected proposition.

"I'll tell you what, Bessie," said she, "I'm troubled for help just now, and if you'll stay and lend a hand with the glass and china, and dessert—I know you've got good taste about such things, for your table out at the farm was always as pretty as a picture—I'll give you a dollar a week."

And to the little country damsel who had never earned a penny of her own, a dollar a week appeared like wealth, although this realization of the New York dream seemed so unlike her fancies of Fifth Avenue, the Central Park, the glitter of Broadway, and the kaleidoscope splendors of the Academy of Design.

Moreover, after all that had been said throughout the simple country neighborhood about her visit to the city, she was a little ashamed to come back at a week's end with the confession that her aunt hadn't been especially glad to see her.

So she acquiesced in Aunt Munger's project and remained, although she was a little afraid of the boarders.

There was the fat man with the flowing coral-colored beard, who was a newspaper editor—and the *passee* widow who had the best front room, and was always sending messages to the people overhead not to tread heavily, as she had the nervous headache—and the two moustached young men who had something to do with the brokering business in Wall street—and the stout couple who went daily to a gymnasium, and walked for exercise so many hours *per diem*. And there was the young lady with the curls who taught school, and the genteel dressmaker who had the use of the parlors to see her company in, and the saucy pretty "sales lady" who always dressed so elegantly, and the shy youth who was a book-keeper somewhere on a starvation salary, and whom nobody noticed. They were all studies of character to little Bessie Barton. She looked at them as she might have looked at so many statues or pictures—they amused her.

Until finally the shy lad—Laurence Wyatt was his name—fell sick of malarial fever in the very chill hall bedroom where Bessie Barton had shed those first and bitterest tears of her sojourn in the great city—and Bessie herself, shocked at the total indifference of Aunt Munger and the girls, made him a bowl of gruel and took it upstairs.

"You are very kind," said the pale lad, looking at her with eyes which were like sunken caverns of fire. I don't know what right I have to your ministrations."

"Just this," said Bessie cheerily: "I heard you say once that all your friends were up in Maine—and, of course, some one must take care of you——"

"Every one doesn't argue after the same fashion," said Wyatt bitterly.

"And besides," pursued Bessie, "at home, at Bluebell Farm, we girls have a little society which we call 'Sisters of the Suffering.' And we go around to all who are ill—all, I mean," she added with a blush, "who cannot afford—who don't have friends and nurses of their own. So, you see, I am not inexperienced in this business."

"'Sisters of the Suffering,'" repeated Wyatt slowly. "Yes, it is a sweet name—a name that sounds gratefully on one's ear. Miss Bessie, if my mother were living—if she could be here—I think she would thank you as I don't know how to do."

"Oh," said Bessie brightly, "it is early for thanks yet! Wait a little."

Down into the Valley of the Shadow poor Laurence Wyatt went—close, close to the black waves where life and love drift forth so often to return never more.

But he recovered at last, and Dr. Steuben said that it was, under Providence, owing to Bessie Barton's kind nursing and ceaseless care.

And he went away to his distant home for rest and change; and Mrs. Munger drew a long sigh and remarked: "To be sure, what a relief it was."

"Bessie dear," she said to her niece with a sudden access of tenderness, "you were speaking of a ten-dollar bill your mother sent you to spend. I've a chance to get a great bargain in a console mirror for the best drawing-room, if I could scrape a little money together. Suppose you lend it to me for a few weeks only."

Bessie colored; her eyelids drooped.

"Oh, Aunt Munger, I cannot," she said. "I—gave it to Laurence Wyatt. He could not pay up his board-bill without it, and——"

"Gave it to Laurence Wyatt, indeed!" shrilly exclaimed the boarding-house keeper.

"And he took it from you?"

"He borrowed it, Aunt Munger."

"You'll never see it again," said Mrs. Munger angrily. "Bessie, you are a fool!"

And she flounced out of the room, in a passion. The next day she would not speak to her niece; and Adeliza and Medora went about with faces of grim disapproval.

If Bessie must throw her money about why couldn't she have thrown it in the direction of the family-coffers?

From that day everything seemed to go wrong in the Munger household. Bad debts grew worse. The stout couple went to Europe—the editor married and set up a hearthstone of his own.

One by one the desirable boarders dropped away, while their places were taken by showy impostors, who departed, leaving behind them trunks full of stones carefully muffled in red flannel.

And Mrs. Munger was gloomily contemplating a sheriff's sale, when one day a carriage rolled up to the door and out stepped a gentleman in sable furs and costly dress.

"Don't you know me, Mrs. Munger, and Bessie?" said he; "I am Laurence Wyatt! And I've come to pay my debts. Don't look at me so strangely. I am not an apparition. Only my uncle from Chicago has adopted me, and I am to enter the mining business with him. He has settled a liberal allowance upon me, and I am a rich man now."

Mrs. Munger sighed sepulchrally.

"You've no debts here, Mr. Wyatt," said she; "it's all settled up to date.—But if you know of any eligible parties looking out for good board——"

"Yes, of course I will recommend them, said Laurence frankly; but—my aunt is out here in the carriage and she wants to see the young lady who saved my life—Bessie Barton."

So Bessie, blushing and frightened, went out to see the grand lady in the carriage, who slipped a little diamond on her finger—a soltaire diamond that shone and glittered like a spark of fire. And Laurence Wyatt whispered to her.

"Our engagement-ring, Bessie."

Adeliza and Medora Munger were highly scandalised when they heard of it. So Bessie, the sly little puss, had been secretly engaged to that book-keeping young man ever since he went away, looking more like a haggard spectre than anything else. How could she know that he would come back a rich man's heir? Wasn't it the most improvident thing in all the world?

"He told me I had saved his life," confessed Bessie, "and he loved me and declared that some day he would lay that rescued life down at my feet. And so he has."

"That's all silly sentimental nonsense," said indignant Medora, who was loverless at eight-and-twenty.

It did seem hard that the husband-hunting Misses Munger should be unwooed and unwon, while simple little country-bred Bessie married the rich man!

But then, while Laurence Wyatt lay sick unto death in the little dreary hall bedroom, the Misses Munger had not troubled themselves whether he lived or died.

"Only a four-and-a-half-dollar boarder, they had scornfully remarked.—"Why don't ma insist on his going to the hospital?"

But Bessie had helped up the silver torch of Faith, Hope, Charity. And its white fire had illuminated her whole life with brightness.

Designing Cigar Labels.

A lithographing establishment in New York having offered to pay the highest cash prices for first-class cigar-label designs, a reporter found a member of the firm looking over a portfolio of drawings and illustrations cut from periodicals. He selected a couple of drawings, and, turning to a young man, said: "These are good designs, and"—picking up one of the illustrations—"you might make us a design from that. I'll give you $15 for these three in crayon, and $20 if you'll do the last one in colors. That's $5 apiece for your crayon designs, and $10 for that which is to be in colors."

"Can I get the money for the two crayon drawings now?" the young man asked.

"Certainly," Mr. Phelps said, handing $10 to him, "and the rest when you bring the other design. Just leave your address in case I should want you to do some other work before you finish this design."

The young man pocketed the $10 and quitted the office in a very happy frame of mind.

"He seems to be a smart young fellow," Mr. Phelps said, "and I'm glad we got hold of him. If we hadn't advertised we might never have known of him."

"Haven't you artists to design for you?"

"A number of them. But we need more and more because the manufacture of domestic cigars is a constantly growing branch of trade, and we are constantly being called on for labels for new brands. For this reason we want to have as many designers at our disposal as possible. The result of our offer is that men come here with samples of their work, and we can tell at a glance whether it will be well to add them to our list of designers or not."

"Do you suggest designs yourself, or leave that to the artist?"

"You see, if a cigar manufacturer wants to get out a new brand, or to work off an old brand under a new label, which is the most usual case, he comes here and tells us what his idea is, or, more frequently, tells our canvassers—for there is so much competition in the business that we have to send around canvassers with books of labels in stock. We find out what price he desires to pay, whether he wants a label in black and white or in colors, and in how many colors, as the expense of getting up a label depends mostly on the number of colors to be printed. If he wants a cheap label we get a crayon design; if he wants a very fancy label we get a design in colors from one of your fifteen-dollar designers. Let me show you how it is done," opening a large book full of labels.

"Here is a label on which canvassers in one section of the country alone managed to sell five million cigars. A manufacturer sent us word that he wanted to work the Free Masons, because he thought plenty of them were to be found all over the country. So he wanted to get up a Grand Master brand, for which he wished a first-class label. We got up this label for him. The centre is the figure of a Grand Master in full regalia; the side pieces are the implements used in Masonic rites."

"How much do labels like that cost?"

"They are the most expensive—$50 for a thousand sets."

"How many are to a set?"

"A set consists of the large label for the inside of the cover and the centre pieces of the large label alone to be pasted on the outside. The success of this label has been so great that several other manufacturers have ordered designs for labels on which to work the Free Masons, and we have lithographed for them thousands of labels with other designs calculated to attract the eyes of Masons. That is the way designs usually originate—with the cigar manufacturer. Of course, we have stock labels so that we can show samples."

"Do you ever give illustrations from periodicals to your artists as bases for designs?"

"Rarely. We usually let them do their own stealing."

"I often see labels of Havana manufacturers on boxes of domestic cigars. Do you sell imitation of Havana labels?"

"Not now, because there is a law against it. Imitating foreign labels used to be an important branch of our business, because when the manufacturing of domestic cigars began most domestic cigars were sold as imported, and the manufacturers required imitation labels. But now domestic cigars are sold on their merits."

"Is any special label most in demand?"

"When a manufacturer gets his name well up in the business, so that people begin to ask for his cigars, he will have his portrait put on his labels and stuck on the inside and outside of the box, like the specimens of personal portraiture which theatrical managers have posted on the fences."

"Do manufacturers get up brands for special sale among certain trades or professions, as did the one who originated the Masonic brand?"

"Yes. You will find here labels with fire engines, ships, steamboats, and the like. During the excitement over six-day walking matches we got up labels with the contestants on the track. Then we have pictures of famous actresses, of race horses, of the Tally Ho, and of winning yachts. In fact, the manufacturers, and we too, read the newspapers, and if any event of great public interest offers any basis for a cigar label design, you may be sure we take advantage of it. After the next Presidential election we hope to get out a label with the portrait of the Hon. William S. Holman."

Abandoned Vessels.

Derelicts always appear to me as a kind of ocean beggars. They hover about the path of well-to-do ships, and exhibiting their mutilated stumps and broken sides, cringe and courtesy for help as the vessels go by. They are, it must be admitted, as a rule, miserably poor—in rags and without a "brass farden" in their pockets. The sea despoils them first: but if Neptune overlooks anything of worth, it is pretty sure to be carried away by one or other of the vessels which may bear down to have a look at the wreck and overhaul her. "Found a good quarter-boat floating alongside; got it aboard and proceeded." Or, "Nothing to be found on deck or below; looked as if some passing vessel had helped herself to all that was to be got." Such statements are sometimes to be found in log-books. Here is one that I at this moment light on: "The German bark Europa reports, March 26, sighted an unknown bark; all sails set, and on fire aft; found a thirty-foot life-boat adrift, which was taken aboard, in which were some tobacco, provisions, and a stone butter-pot." Doubtless the Dutchmen enjoyed the tobacco, and ate with relish the provisions, and the butter. The Ocean Swell reported sighting a vessel right ahead, with only a jurymast standing. "The cargo was all gone out of the main-hatch, but her afterhold was full of casks. She had no forehatch, but I think her forehold must have been full of casks also. I fancy that she has been loaded with rum and molasses, the rum being stored in both ends, keeping the vessel afloat." She was full of water, consequently the rum was not to be come at, and so all that poor Jack of the Ocean Swell could do was to look yearningly down at the casks and then, with watering mouth, tumble reluctantly into his boat and row aboard his ship again.

A more romantic derelict was the American brig Celeste, the story of which I read with interest in an American paper a few days ago. She was found in the Mediterranean and boarded. All sail was on her, but not a living creature was to be seen. There was a fire burning in the galley; dinner was set out untasted and not yet cold; there were some child's toys in the cabin, "and a piece of a woman's dress was still under the needle of the sewing-machine." What had become of the people? Had they committed suicide by jumping overboard? If so, why was their dinner cooked and served, only to be left untouched? The easiest way perhaps to solve the riddle is to disbelieve the story. But if it be true it is extraordinary, and should commend itself as a marine problem very well worth the notice of a magazine-writer on the lookout for a subject.

Now and again, however, a derelict is encountered that proves a wonderfully rich prize. Such was the Falls of Afton. At about 280 miles from Madeira a French vessel fell in with a large iron English ship, abandoned, and she was conveyed to the island by a French squadron of inspection. She proved to be the Falls of Afton, a new iron ship, loaded with 2,000 tons of railway sleepers, 150 tons of pig iron, 150 tons of smithy coal, and 200 tons of coke—a nice little haul for Monsieur, as the salvage afterward proved. It was charged against the Captain that he endeavored to sink the ship by cutting the suction-pipe and opening the sea-cock in the after-peak; but this he denied, and whether it was proved or not and what became of the case I can not recollect. Encountering and bringing to port a few such derelicts as the Falls of Afton would soon make a man's fortune, and if they were numerous we might hear of public companies being formed for the salving of such abandoned craft, with underwriters for chairmen. But they are not numerous, and this age of iron makes them rarer every day. Even when a vessel that looks worth preserving is met, life is often jeopardized in sailing her; or if she is to be towed, then, after a deal of manœuvring and many hours of detention and the carrying away of hawsers, the derelict has frequently to be dropped, with a sea-blessing on her head and hearty regret on the skipper's part that he ever sighted her. The struggle is sometimes a desperate one. The abandoned craft, like an Irishman's pig, refuses to go ahead. She barely answers her helm. The tow-rope parts in a gale of wind, the wreck is driven away to leeward and is lost in the thickness, and the little company of men who have been put aboard of her find themselves pretty much in the same dangerous situation the vessel's first crew occupied before they were succored. If ever money is meritoriously earned, it is by the men who receive rewards for bringing a wrecked vessel to port.

It is not very long since three men were picked up in an open boat in the North Sea by a foreign bark. The story told was this: They belonged to an English fishing cutter, and, while cruising a derelict vessel was sighted drifting. The cutter sent a boat with three men to board the vessel, and when they arrived they found her to be a brig. The wind was breezing up at the time; it freshened into a gale; the tow-rope by which the smack was endeavoring to drag the brig parted, and the cutter was blown out of sight. It was impossible to stop aboard the waterlogged hull, so the three men got into their boat and they had been drifting about for forty-five hours when the foreign bark came across them. Out of such stuff is the romance of the derelict to be woven; and material for many a wild and wonderful yarn may haply be found at this moment among wrecked abandoned and drifting fabrics, over whose deep sides the green seas are rolling in foam, or whose hulls, with the gleam of the black water in the hold visible through the open hatches, lean wearily with the oil-smooth swell, like drowned seamen, whose bodies have escaped from the hammocks in which they were sewn, and have risen to the surface to look blindly up to Heaven till decay scatters their dust through ten thousand miles of ocean.

English Items of Interest.

An American tourist writes as follows:—The site of Scarborough, England, is almost incomparably fine. It is built on the side of an ampitheatre of cliffs, the lower part of which is laid out as a park, with trees and flowers and concrete walks, and a magnificent Casino, so that the visitor may look on the one hand upon the sloping banks, gay with verdure and blossoms, and abroad on the other side over the sparkling summer sea. Along the esplanade at the summit of the cliff stretch acres of handsome, substantially built residences, with here and there an imposing-looking hotel. There are amusements enough and to spare to satisfy the most exacting in the way of watering-place pleasures, dramatic performances and concerts in the elegant hall of the Casino, music twice a day by the band, boating and fishing for those who like such diversions, and excellent bathing, the shore presenting an expanse of firm sand, altogether pleasant to walk upon. Then, as a city, Scarborough is scarcely less attractive than when considered simply as a watering place. The wide well-built streets abound in tempting shops and handsome edifices. For those interested in historic associations, there exist the ruins of the old castle, once a famous fortress, on the heights to the left of the turn, though, as the present edifice only dates from the rebellion of 1745, its claims to historic interest may be considered doubtful. George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, was once imprisoned within its walls; so I, as a native of the Quaker City, looked upon the battered and crumbling masses of masonry with peculiar interest. The original fortress was destroyed by those indefatigable smashers of things in general, the Parliamentary forces under Cromwell, and since the threatened invasion of the North by the army of the Pretender it has been suffered to go wholly to decay. But Scarborough is not the spot for antiquarian research, or for musing over the legends of the past. I brought away with me not a dream of historic personages and heroic deeds, but a vision of a shining summer sea, shut in by verdure-clad cliffs, and of the fair city smiling at her own charms as reflected in the silver mirror at her feet.

Then, too, in my wanderings I have visited Studeley Royal, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon, near Harrowgate, and have brought away with me from that visit a memory of scenes of surpassing beauty. Situated three miles from the privileges of the other. Except that Nature never makes so advantageous a disposition of her forces, one might imagine that the velvet turf, the grand old trees, the masses of rhododendrons and laurels—nay, even the points of view cunningly arranged in the foliage, had all been brought together by fortunate hazard instead of by an artistic hand. In one point the influence of French landscape gardening, as exemplified by the works of Le Notre in the grounds of Versailles, makes itself apparent. Watteau or Boucher could have chosen no fairer site for their pictures than the glassy waters of the miniature lake, set in soft, smooth turf like a diamond encircled with emeralds, and mirroring the pretty Grecian temple and groups of statuary that adorn its banks. At another point in the grounds you come upon the most cunningly contrived of surprises, in the shape of a summer-house, shut in by two doors, which, on being flung back, reveal to the visitor the great ornament and attractions of this enchanted domain, the ruins of Fountain's Abbey, said to be the grandest and most picturesque ruin in England. Superb and stately, even as a shattered wreck, the grand Gothic walls front the spectator with a mute eloquence respecting their past glories, like some great dethroned king, fallen into old age and decrepitude in the loneliness of exile.

Studeley Royal was formerly the estate of a maiden lady, a Miss Lawrence, who spent all her large income in adorning and improving the grounds. She died at an advanced age, and bequeathed her property to its present owner instead of her nearest relatives, for the reason that the latter had become converts to Catholicism. Oddly enough, the Marquis of Ripon has in later years become a Catholic, so that the disinheritance of her natural heirs proved any thing but effectual in keeping the property out of the hands of a member of that communion. However, Lord de Gray, the future Marquis, is said to be a staunch Protestant, so that the old lady's desires in that respect will probably one day be fulfilled. The house of Studeley Royal is not shown to visitors, and in truth it presents no special points of interest. It is enough, too, for the world at large to be allowed to visit Fountain's Abbey, and that noble park, with its superb views, and splendid trees, and its herds of red deer feeding beneath the oaks or glancing fleet as birds across the sunlit turf.

Just at the entrance of the park a small but very beautiful memorial church has been erected as a monument to the brother of the Marchioness of Ripon, young Frederic Vyner, who was murdered some years ago by Greek brigands when making an excursion in the neighborhood of Athens. He died like a brave man, poor young fellow (he was only twenty-three), displaying all the calm firmness and patient courage characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. The font of this church is very beautiful, being in dark, richly-colored stone, with incised and gilded floral ornamentation. This font was a present to the Marquis from some of his friends in America, and the stone whereof it is composed, is that finest of American marbles, the marble of Tennessee.

A Social Weakness.

A weakness of the Australian character is the hunger after titles and decorations. Toward the close of the Servian war so cheap did the Russian officers held the Servian decoration of the "Takovo Cross" that they used to tie the bauble round their dogs' necks and have the animals trot behind them thus adorned. The "C. M. G." seems to me about as cheap a piece of trumpery as the Russian officers regarded the "Takovo Cross." But the Australian, though while he is without it he affects to sneer at the "C. M. G.," and links the initials to a derogatory legend, grasps it and wears it when the Colonial Office throws it to him.

F. D. CURTIS says that twenty years ago he treated a stunted Fameuse apple tree with a wheelbarrow full of leached ashes, and the tree shows the benefit of it to this day. Mr. Curtis also says that too many varieties of fruit are a nuisance and an endless amount of work.

Historical.

It is a well-known historical fact that many monarchs and conquerors who had unlimited sway over the fairest territories in life, and who command the homage of half a continent, died miserable deaths and received ignoble burials. Perhaps the most unfortunate kings in this respect were the Bourbon monarchs of France who reigned in the eighteenth century. Few monarchs had more power of glory than Louis XIV, the "Grand Monarque," who was at one time the arbiter of Europe, and yet how ignoble was his end! On his deathbed he warned his grandson, soon to become Louis XV., to shun what had been the rocks on which his life had split, fondness for war and extravagance. After his death, the Regent hurried his body to the tomb, with no pomp whatever, and the road between Versailles and St. Denis was lined with drunken crowds, who hurled mud and stones at the mourning carriages, and the great Louis whose behests had been obeyed by half of Europe, was hustled into his grave with less ceremony than would have been displayed for one of his equerries while he reigned. Louis XV. did not choose to follow the advice of his grandfather, and he, too, met with a miserable end. The King died of small-pox, and, the infection spreading through the palace, Versailles became like a lazar house, fifty persons, including three of the Queen's own daughters dying. The profligate section of the Parisian aristocracy led by Madame du Barry and the Marshal de Richelieu were thunderstruck at hearing that the king was going to die, for they had always treated the Dauphin, soon to become Louis XVI., with the greatest impudence on account of his antagonism to the profligacy of his grandfather's court. A pretty scene was enacted at the deathbed of the king. The Confessor who had been summoned, the Abbe Mandoux, insisted that the King should subscribe to a declaration of repentance that might be made public. As he refused absolution on any other terms, a long parley ensued, and at last this remarkable statement was drawn up:—"Although a King owes account of his conduct to God only, he declares that he repents for having caused scandal to his subjects, and he only desires to live in order that he may devote himself to religion and to the happiness of his people." Upon the Cardinal de la Roche Aymon who was present attempting to read this declaration, the Marshal de Richelieu grasped him excitedly by the arm and warned him that he must not read out "the stupid declaration which Mandoux had dictated," but just as his Eminence was about to raise his hands in pronouncing absolution, the sturdy Mandoux plucked him by the rochet, and adjurned him to do his duty, upon which the Cardinal, for very shame, read the Royal words in a faltering voice. The Duc de Richelieu was so incensed that "he loudly gratified the prelate with the most insulting epithet." Louis XV was buried at night with no state at all, the hearse and coaches trotting all the way. Crowds had collected, however, to see the *cortege* pass, and they greeted it with maledictions. "Not a hat was raised," says Besenval, "even the women did not make the sign of the cross; nothing was heard but bad language all the way, and the guards listened to it with indifference."

In 704 Honorius was emperor. At the same time, in the remote deserts of Lybia, there dwelt an obscure monk named Telemachus. He had heard of these awful scenes in the far-off Coliseum at Rome. Depend upon it, they lost nothing by their transit across the Mediterranean in the hands of Greek and Roman soldiers. In the baths and market-places of Alexandria, in the Jewries of Cyrene, in the mouths of every itinerant Eastern story-teller the festive massacres of the Coliseum would doubtless be clothed in colors truly appalling, yet scarcely more than the truth. Telemachus brooded over these horrors until his mission dawned upon him. He was ordained by Heaven to put an end to the slaughter of human beings in the Coliseum. He made his way to Rome. He entered the Coliseum with the throng, what time the gladiators were parading in front of the Emperor with uplifted swords and the wild mockery of homage—"*Morituri te salutant.*" Elbowing his way to the barrier, he leaped over at the moment when the combatants rushed at each other, threw himself between them, bidding them in the name of the Christ to desist. To blank astonishment succeeded imperial contempt and fury. Telemachus fell slain by the swords of the gladiators. Legend may adorn the tale and fancy fill out the picture, but the solid fact remains—there never was another gladiatorial flight in the Coliseum. One heroic soul had caught the flow of popular feeling that had already begun to set in the direction of humanity, and turned it. He had embodied by his act and consecrated by his death the sentiment that already lay timidly in the hearts of thousands in that great city of Rome.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, not of the hands, and gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue.

Wine Making Along the Hudson.

"The enormous shipments of Concord grapes made this fall from Ulster County and elsewhere along the Hudson Valley to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the Northern, Eastern and Western markets have shown the magnitude of the fruit growing business in this part of the State. The richness and flavor of the fruit have also been made apparent. The recent cold snaps have attracted the attention of the wine makers to the great grape product and to its adaptability for making a superior vintage. During the past two weeks agents for Canadian houses and wine makers themselves from New York and elsewhere in this and adjoining States, have visited the southern Ulster vineyards and made large purchases of frozen fruit. Tons and tons of frosted grapes were purchased in Highland, Milton and Marlborough alone by parties from Montreal, Quebec and from other points in Canada. The price paid was from $15 to $25 per ton, delivered in barrels at the stations along the line of the West Shore railroad. The growers who sold the frozen fruit for these figures have been looking the matter over, and many of them have come to the conclusion that if it pays for wine makers in Canada to send agents along the Hudson to purchase grapes and pay freight and duty on them, there must be money in the busines. As an experiment some of the fruit growers have purchased small presses and are now busy making wine. For several years, however, wine has been made on a small scale by a number of parties in Ulster county and elsewhere along the valley, and on several occasions bottles have been sent to one or two of the leading wine houses of Paris. The French connoisseurs have written that they consider the wine made along the Hudson superior to that manufactured in California. The Hudson river product is said to have a fullness of body and mellow flavor peculiarly its own. It is the opinion of many that wine will be made in large quantities at no far distant day. Year after year the acreage of wine steadily increases between Cornwall and Catskill, and in places between these points for a distance of ten miles inland on the west side of the river and from Fishkill to Hudson on the east bank.

"Early during the past summer, when it became apparent that the grape product was going to be very large—nearly double that of any previous yield—growers asked each other what they would do with it. The producers saw that if they kept on shipping to New York exclusively the market would be glutted the entire season. As an experiment, shipments were made as far west as Chicago, and as far north as Montreal, and the result proved remunerative. 'But there is a limit to the new markets,' the producers say, 'and as the acreage increases, we must make wine.' One of the Canadian agents said lately that he would advise his house to build a vault costing about $30,000, here. The indications are the business of wine making will be a large on .

At Jacob's Well.

This is one of the few spots in Palestine whereof all tradition concurs as to its identity. This makes it venerable. And now we are looking down into the well at which Joseph so often watered the flock of his father Jacob. The top has been partly arched over, covering a little space around what we should call the "curb" of the well. The dragoman gave me his strong arm and let me over this upper and outer rim down a few feet to a point where I got a nearer view of the depth below. Explorers who have measured it have found it over a hundred feet deep, but a part of this has been filled up by the stones cast into it.

But how came Jacob to dig such a well? is a question often asked. He was close to the Vale of Shecham, which is full of streams. What need of boring a hundred feet through a solid rock to find what a mile or two distant was running away in exhaustless abundance? The answer is that neighbors are not always friends; that the inhabitants of the towns and the shepherds of the plains had little to do with each other, and even might be in open fend. In the time of Christ "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans," and seventeen hundred years before the progenitor of the Hebrew race may have been to them a stranger and an alien. The people of Shecham might be friendly to day and enemies to-morrow; and though they might have water flowing through their city, they might at any moment shut it off from him. With all his flocks and herds, he could not be dependent on such an uncertain supply. And so he dug his well, "and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle." The women of Samaria, who came here to draw water, had probably been out on the plain tending the flocks, and at the sixth hour—noon—had no other spring to go to but Jacob's Well.

But the chief interest of this spot is that One greater than Jacob or Joseph has been here. On this very ground, sitting where we now sit, our Savior sat, and talked with that women of Samaria, revealing to her astonished eyes that in the worship of God the place matters little; that "neither in the mountain," looking up to Gerizim which rose above him, "nor yet at Jerusalem," shall men "worship the Father;" for that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."

He alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all the contingencies of life; but the fool contends, and is struggling like a swimmer against the ream.

The Locust Billy.

After a man struck by a policeman's club has ascertained where he is, says the New York Journal, he naturally asks what struck him. Being satisfied on the latter point, he will, if he be of inquiring mind, desire to know more about the instrument which has seriously disturbed his innate sense of the fitness of things. The policeman's club is made of locust, cocoawood, rosewood and ebony, and a man who has been struck by either thinks the others are the softest.

Besides being used as sedatives policemen's clubs are excellent time-keepers—the night-clubs being made of locust and the day-clubs of either of the other materials—rosewood predominating. The length of the night-club is twenty-six fine, that of the day-club twenty-two inches. It is four inches pleasanter to be hit with the daylight baton.

The locust club is used also for rapping for help, this wood giving forth a sonorous sound when struck with a sidewalk. The locust has lately been used as a means of giving an alarm of fire, and works efficiently. The day clubs cannot be used in this manner, but are more ornamental if less useful than the nocturnal species. The night-club costs sixty-five cents, the day-club $1.50. The ebony club is worth $2, and enough frills can be added to make it cost $50. The great majority of citizens who have been clubbed have been hit with the sixty-five cent article.

Rosewood and ebony billys, boys' sizes, are from eight to fifteen inches in length and cost from 75 cents to $1. These young clubs are carried by messenger boys who are obliged to be out nights in all localities. The worst sufferers from these tools are dogs and cats, and many a complaint would be entered if the victims could speak English. Black-jacks, the very name of which causes a shudder to pass down the south side of the spinal column, are tabooed. The only place where one can be shown with impunity is in a museum. The possession of one entitles the owner to pay a fine of $50.

In a Chimney Over Fire.

I was once taking a ride through Suwanee Co., Fla., admiring the luxuriant vegetation, the lazy swing of the birds and the ripple of shining waters, when at an abrupt turn of the road I came across a dissipated looking cabin, the only sign of life about it being a white-headed old "cracker," who was lolling on the doorstep, viciously sucking at the stem of a sublimely dirty clay pipe.

As I was tired and very thirsty, I rode up and asked him if he could give me a drink of water.

Hardly looking up, he hospitably pointed to a bucket and said: "Light, stranger, take the gourd and help yourself." I dismounted, took a drink of water, offered him a cigar and took a seat on the doorstep beside him. The cigar seemed to have a magnetic influence upon him, loosened his tongue and he told me of a most surprising adventure he had once had with the Indians during the war of 1837.

One cold night in December he had gone into the woods to look at his traps and, it being a time of supposed peace, had left his trusty gun at home. It was an unusually cold day for Florida and, besides his heavy clothing, he had a large thick blanket thrown around him. He had reached a point about five miles from his house, when, looking through the woods, he saw a large body of Indians moving in his direction.

He was almost petrified with fear at first and could not move from his position. Another moment and it was too late. The Indians had discovered him, and with fiendish yells were in hot pursuit. Now came a wild race with a human life at the stake; up hill and down hill, through briars and tangled woods, the savages gaining at every step. He knew they would catch him long before he could reach his own house, so bent all his energies towards a dismantled monastery that had been erected by the Spaniards more than a century before. Of these ruins only the tall chimney remained. With a supreme effort he managed to scamble up this chimney, and climbing nearly to the top was, as he thought, beyond the reach of his foes.

When the Indians saw him disappear in the chimney, after their first yell of disappointment, they gathered heaps of bark and brush and made a roaring fire to roast the imprisoned foe, but he told me he frustrated their amiable design by taking off all his clothes, and laying them with the blanket, which he had strangely held on to all during the race, in the chimney below him, and this prevented the flames from reaching him.

"But," said I, "I should have thought the clothing would have taken fire and burnt up."

"So 'twould, stranger, said he, "but ye see it war powerful warm whar I war, an' I sweated so smart like that it kept them ar fixins' soakin' wet, an' the fire couldn't ketch on. After they thought I war all burnt up, they left an' I clim' down and went home. That chunk of rock in thar kem outer that self-same chimney."

"Good-by, old man," said I, as I remounted my horse, "you can discount Eli Perkins every time."

Picture of a Prison.

Right in the centre of the city of Baltimore, there exists a community of over five hundred people, men and women, whose daily lives furnish an example which could well be followed profit with by the balance of Baltimore's citizens. These people arise early and work all day. They are frugal in their habits, they waste nothing, and all save money. They are all total abstainers, not a drop of intoxicating liquors ever passing their lips. When through with their daily toil they retire to their rooms and spend the evening in reading, after which they go to bed and the next day arise refreshed and ready to resume the day's labors. They never discuss politics and do not know who is the candidate for any office or what party is in power. The men never quarrel, and the women never discuss the fashions or gossip over the latest scandal. They are cleanly in their habits, none of the men wear beards, and "bangs" and "frizzes" are unknown among the women. They all attend religious services two or three times each Sunday, and profanity or improper language is unknown among them. Their clothing is made more with a view to comfort than fashion, for in fact they know little about the fashions of the times. They are respectful in their demeanor to each other and to those who visit them, and lead calm and placid lives. Yet with all these advantages few, if any, of the residents of this quiet home care to remain within its quarters, nearly all preferring to struggle with the outside world and expose themselves to intemperance, temptation and crime. This community comprises the inmates of the Maryland penitentiary, 193 white and 303 colored males, and 6 white and and 39 colored females, who are now serving the State as a punishment for criminal offences. The sentences of these convicts vary from six months to "life," and all are employed in work suiting their physical ability. There are at present in the institution two white and six colored men serving out

LIFE SENTENCES.

When a prisoner arrives at the penitentiary, whether sent there by the criminal court of Baltimore city or received from one of the counties or from the United States authorities, he is taken into the office and examined as to his age, personal appearance, previous habits of life, occupation, etc., and a full and complete description of him is recorded. He is then placed in a dormitory, has his hair cut and is shaved. He is thoroughly washed and provided with a suit of prison clothes. After an examination by the physician of the penitentiary as to his physical condition he is assigned to such work as he is most fitted for, and his new life commences. From the time of his incarceration to the expiration of his sentence he is allowed to have no conversation with any one, except upon the subject of the work he is doing, and that must be of the most brief character. He is shaved weekly and his hair is cut monthly. He receives no newspapers and is entirely ignorant of what is going on in the outer world. He is allowed to write to and receive letters from his friends at stated periods, but each must pass under the eye of one of the officials of the institution. He works ten hours daily, and can, if he is industrious, make some money by working overtime, in which case it is either held for him until his discharge or is sent to his family outside, as he may elect. Several prisoners send as much as $10 montnly to their families, and others have in General Horn's care as large amounts as $300, which they have earned by working overtime. When discharged, each convict is furnished with a suit of clothes and $2 in money, receiving in addition all he has saved during his incarceration. Sunday-school and church services are held weekly in the chapel. The Catholic services are under the charge of the charge of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Protestant services are conducted by different denominations. There is a fine library in the chapel, to which eight hundred books have lately been added. It is well patronized by the prisoners, works of fiction being their

FAVORITE READING MATTER.

The employment given the strongest of the men is in the foundry, where stoves are completely finished and some parts of them nickel-plated. Here a crowd of men, attired in prison garb, work steadily and silently under the direction of foremen furnished by the contractors, who come each morning and leave each evening. Guards quietly stroll here and there to prevent disorder, which seldom, however, occurs, and the men appear to be interested in their work.

In the marble department tops for furniture, wash-basins, and similar articles are made. Work is commenced upon huge blocks of marble, which is sawed into slabs, polished and cut and finally packed for shipment. In a third department, where boots and shoes are made entirely of wool, those of the convicts who have the least physical strength are employed. Here, as elsewhere, everyone is busily at work, and the silence is only broken by the whirr of the machinery.

When the warden entered each of the different rooms the men only stopped work long enough for each to remove his prison cap, and then resume. Two or three convicts quietly handed General Horn a letter as he passed through, possibly a request for something, or perhaps a communication they desired sent to their families.

Promptly at noon each day the bell in the tower clangs forth the signal for dinner. The first signal is to get ready, and a moment or two afterwards a second peal announces the order to march in. Their dinner has been prepared. On the day referred to, it consisted of a large piece of corned beef, a plate full of mashed potatoes and a huge wedge of bread. Each man's share was placed upon one of four hundred plates in front of four hundred seats upon rows of long tables. Each prisoner was furnished with a knife and fork and a tin cup containing about a quart of water. The guards were stationed in the centre of the dining hall seated upon high stools; they were only half a dozen in number, and it was remarkable to witness the complete discipline under which they had the large number of prisoners. The tables were waited upon by colored convicts and the food is also cooked by them. When half the room was filled a signal was given and all seated themselves and commenced eating; the waiters passed around each table carrying large pans of bread, which was given to all who desired more. Many of them do not eat the meat furnished them. This is removed from their plates by the waiters and given to those whose appetites are larger, or who desire a greater quantity than that originally furnished them. The white convicts were all seated together and the colored by themselves; little or no clatter was made with the knives and forks, and the waiters passed silently to fro.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE MEAL

one-half the number marched back to their work, and the other half immediately followed. The same system is observed at breakfast and supper. The former meal consists of bread and coffee and fish, or of bread or mush and molasses and coffee. The prisoners come from their cells to breakfast in the morning, and go from breakfast to work. Their supper each night consists of bread and coffee, and their dinner is changed daily, sometimes bean-soup and bread, sometimes a stew and sometimes fresh beef as well as the corned beef referred to.

The dormitories where the prisoners are confined consists of four rows of cells around four corridors in the penitentiary proper. Each cell is about eight feet long by four wide; and is furnished with a cot, bedding, blanket and pillow. Some of the prisoners display considerable taste in adorning their cells, and in some instances the floor is carpeted and a chair and table added. Each prisoner has a lamp, which he extinguishes at 9 P. M.

After supper each night the prisoners are marched to their cells, which they enter, closing the doors after them. A guard passes around, springs the huge padlock upon each door, and receives from each inmate a small tin check. These checks are subsequently counted and the count compared with the daily report.

There is an absolute impossibility of any prisoner escaping, for, in addition to the systematic watch kept over them, a guard, armed with a loaded rifle, parades the wall during the day and is relieved by another, who remains stationed in the yard all night.

An interesting and peculiar incident in connection with one of the prisoners is the fact that a couple of years ago a pigeon entered one of the narrow windows of his cell, building herself a nest, laid two eggs, which she subsequently hatched and there raised her young. The prisoner carried scraps of bread from the table daily and fed her and also placed his water cup, where she could drink. She soon became thoroughly domesticated and has continued to share the imprisonment of her new found friend and from time to time hatches out a pair of young and raises them in her adopted home.

The Best Receipt for a Long Life.

Apropos of Sir Moses Montefiore, whose approaching entry on his hundredth year is a subject of such general congratulation, what is the best receipt for a very long life—supposing a man to consider it an object worth attaining? Milton laid stress on "the rule of not too much," which is no doubt an excellent one, but vague in its application. Moreover, Milton followed his own advice, and yet failed to live 66 years. Fontenelle, whose life embraced almost exactly a century—11th of February, 1657, to 9th of January, 1757,—was formally asked his opinion on this weighty question, and replied that he ascribed his length of days to two maxims he had laid down for himself and rigidly adhered to—the first, "everybody is right;" the second, "everything is possible." The late Canon Beadon was less sententious, and would laughingly explain that he had reached a hundred simply by never wearing an overcoat. It was either he or another centenarian who said he had never eaten cold meat, but always hot, and thus saved his digestion from premature exhaustion owing to double work. It is related of Lord Mansfield that whenever a hale and hearty old man gave evidence before him, he would question the witness in a friendly way as to his habits, with the result that he found every one to be an early riser. The topers are said to have been as numerous as the water-drinkers; which is propable enough, the latter being an extremely limited section of the English people in the eighteenth century.

"Furzer On."

A day or two ago a well dressed man, who had taken three or four drinks too much, was weaving around and falling down and getting up on Montcalm street, Detroit, when along came a kind-hearted citizen who asked:

"Where do you want to go?"

"Waz go home," was the reply.

"How far is it?"

"Noz f'r; I'll show you."

They walked along in company for a block or two, when the inebriate suddenly paused and said:

"Zish 'er place."

"You recognize it, do you?"

"Shurtinly—shurtinly. I'm 'er greatest recognizer in Detroit."

He was assisted up the front steps, and as the door happened to be ajar he was helped into the hall. Here his knees gave out and he fell in a heap and his patron left. The latter had not gone half a block, however, when he heard a great hubbub behind him, and he turned to discover the drunkard rolling down the steps, followed by a pail of water and a coal-scuttle. While he stood and stared a servant girl came down the steps with a broom in hand, waved it over her head and shouted:

"You leave another brunkard in our house and I'll have you where the dogs can't bite you."

And the man lying on his back or the walk opened his eyes in a dreamy way and replied:

"I'm 'er greatest recognizer in Detroit! I recognize zhat I live 'bout fourblocks furzer on."

Luther Relics.

The "Castle Church," which is called "the Cradle of the Reformation," was erected in 1499, but the original building exists no more. In 1760, during the Seven Years' War, Wittenberg was besieged by the Austrians, and during a bombardment the church and a large part of the city were destroyed by fire. In 1770 the present building was erected on the old walls by order of Frederick the Great. The old wooden doors, destroyed in 1760, on which Luther had nailed the theses, were replaced in 1857 by Frederick William IV. by double bronze doors, ten feet high; bearing in Gothic characters the original Latin text of the ninety-five theses. In the interior of the church the most interesting object is naturally the bronze slab marking the Reformer's grave. It lies on the southern side of the middle aisle, and bears the following inscription—plain and simple as the Reformer's life:—

"Martin Luteri, S. Theologia D. corpus h. l. s. e. qui an. Christi MDXLVI, xii Cal Martii Eyslebi in patria s. m. o. c. v. ann. LXIII, m. II, d. X."

It is certainly a noticeable fact that this inscription does not coincide with the usually accepted date of Luther's birth. If he really lived sixty-three years two months and ten days, as stated on the slab, he must have been born on December 8, 1482, as he died, beyond doubt, on February 18, 1546. There has always been some uncertainty as to Luther's birthday, even his parents not being quite certain, as mentioned by Melancthon. The now general accepted date of November 10, 1483, is based on a statement by Luther's brother Jacob.

The old Augustine monastery, in which Luther passed so many years of his life, even after renouncing his monkdom, stands in the Collegienstrasse, and was erected over 500 years ago. The Luther-house, which forms part of the ancient building, is reached by crossing the court. It was presented to the Reformer in 1526 by the Elector John, and has been restored lately. Its front is decorated with Luther's portrait, and the inscription, "Hien lebte und wirkte Dr. Martin Luther, 1508, bis 26." The sandstone doorway, which was a present from his wife Catherine in 1540, bears on the right Luther's escutcheon and on the left his bust with the circumscription. "Etatis sue 57. In silento et spe erit fortitude vestra." The chief point of interest in the house, which now forms a Luther museum, is the Reformer's study and day-room.

In a small antechamber some interesting relics are preserved in glass cases:—Luther's beer goblet of boxwood, hand embroideries by Frau Catherine, and the fragments of a drinking glass, thrown down and broken by Peter the Great during his visit to Wittenberg on being refused its possession. The great Czar also commemorated his presence by writing his name with chalk on the door, and this imperial autograph has been preserved for two centuries by being covered with glass. Luther's study remains unchanged in its original condition; the huge stove of colored tiles, built after Luther's own design, the great sliding table, the window benches, the carved ceiling, all remains as if the proprietor had only just stepped out. Other rooms in the house contain a great number of Luther relics:—his betrothal and wedding rings, the excellent portrait by the elder Kranach, the first specimens of Luther's Bible in parts, printed by Luft, at Wittenberg, medals and pamphlets of the Reformation, etc. Unfortunately, this interesting collection remains without a descriptive catalogue.

Population of Paris.

An analysis of the population of Paris, just published, gives very singular statistics as to the inhabitants of the gayest city in Europe. It seems, also, for its size, to be the most industrious. The proportion in which the working classes exceed those who live on their own incomes is the more remarkable as Paris is the recognized centre of expenditure and extravagance for all France. There are no cities that hold to the capital the same relative position that Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham occupy relatively to London. More than half a million of Parisians are employed in commerce, trade and banking operations, while of the artisan class there are considerably more than a million and a quarter. The liberal professions seem to occupy but a small proportion of the population. All combined do not amount to 200,000, and in the sub-divisions the prominence is quite different to what it would be with us. The great majority are in the public service, which employs more than medicine, law and divinity all combined. But, after the public service, it is art which gives employment and livelihood to the greatest number of Parisians. Forty-two thousand get their income from this branch of industry. The doctors come after, but a long way after. Medicine in its branches supports 18,000, the branches, of course, including chemists and all compounders and venders of medicine. Then comes the law, with its 16,000 votaries, from judge to bailiff. Literature figures very low on the list, for, grouped with science and journalism it gives employment to only 11,000 people, while all the clergy of all the persuasions amount to but half that number. On the whole, Paris would seem to be more industrious, more artistic, less literary and less religious than the ordinary visitor would suppose.

Four Pursuits

The *American Silk and Fruit Culturists* classes silk, poultry, honey and fruit together, claiming that on small farms the orchard cannot only be made profitable for fruit but will allow of being occupied with advantage by poultry, while the bee-hives may take up a small portion also. During the season for silk-worms that industry can be made a remunerative one, and the hedge of osage will furnish leaves for feeding the worms. For a family of limited means the four pursuits can be combined with greater profit than can be procured from any one of them alone.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Dec. 12, 1883.

Working Against John G. Thompson.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The New York Commercial Advertiser's correspondent says: There is no doubt that a strong ring from Columbus is here to effect the overthrow of John G. Thompson's efforts to be the next sergeant at arms of the house. Barger, chairman of the state executive committee, and Paige, chairman of the state central committee, as well as Allen O. Myers and John McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, are working hard to secure the election of ex-Representative Leedom, who is now more than likely to be the coming man. The whole anti-Pendleton interest in Ohio is massing its forces against Thompson on the plea that he has grown old in the party service without accomplishing scarcely anything, and now he should step aside and give the younger members of the party a chance to run things. Leedom is very popular, and is strong in other delegations besides that from Ohio.

"Whiskey Did It."

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 30.—George Wilson, who murdered Policeman Bullard last night while the latter was attempting to arrest him for larceny, was captured at Petite Cote, Ont., six miles below Detroit, on the opposite side of the river, early today. A chicken fancier friend named Frank Cramer told his whereabouts, and with the police helped in the search. He was found hiding in the manger of a barn and surrendered without trouble. He was met at the wharf on the Detroit side of the river by an excited crowd of citizens. Lynching was talked of, but Wilson was taken to the station without trouble. He told Policeman Fitzpatrick, who arrested him, that he did the shooting of Bullard, and laid the blame to whiskey. Cramer, who gave the whereabouts of Wilson, will probably get the $500 reward offered yesterday for the murderer's capture. Mrs. Bullard is not dead, as reported.

Trying to Kill an Entire Family.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Dec. 1.—The families of George Hamilton and John Morrison live in one house near this place. Morrison went home crazy with drink. He secreted himself under his wife's bed, and, according to his statement, Hamilton came into the room and attempted to take improper liberties with her. Morrison seized a broadsword he had in his room, and going to the apartments of the Hamiltons he commenced a general attack, attempting to kill them all. He would have succeeded in his purpose had it not been for the neighbors. As it was he very seriously injured Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and a daughter, inflicting several wounds about the head and shoulders of each. He was arrested and placed in jail, but during the night managed to escape and is still at large, although diligent search is made for him.

Freight Strike in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 1.—A very sharp labor controversy is now going on between the railways having their terminal in this city and the organized freight handlers. "The organization," says The Item, "did not demand an increase of price, but assurance that they would have the work in preference to transient competitors. This the railways refused and have undertaken to import fresh men to handle freight and thus head off the strikers. The result is that many of the new men have joined the strike, and there is a freight embargo which seriously interferes with business. Popular sympathy is opposed to the railways in this matter."

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tennessee, "for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted all my life with scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in blotches, ulcers and mattery sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, 8 months ago, has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

SWEPT INTO THE STREM.

One Thousand Acres of Land and "Right Smart of Bears."

On the deck of a big Mississippi steamboat stood an aged Southern planter. Indicating by a sweep of his arms the waters the boat was passing over, he said to a passenger from the North: "When I was 12 years old I killed my first bear on a new plantation, my father was then cutting out of a forest that grew directly over the waters of this bend. That was a mighty good plantation, and there were right smart bears there, too. But that one thousand acres of land went into the Mississippi years ago."

It is putting no strain upon the figure to say that great forests of youthful hope, womanly beauty and manly strength are swept in the same way every year into the great, turbid torrent of disease and death. Yet it should not be so. That it is so is a disgrace as well as a loss. People are largely too careless or too stupid to defend their own interests—the most precious of which is health. That gone, all is gone. Disease is simple but to recklessness or ignorance the simplest thing might as well be complexed as a proposition in Conic Sections. As the huge western rivers, which so often flood the cities along their shores, arise in a few mountain springs, so all our ailments can be traced to impure blood and a small group of disordered organs.

The most effective and inclusive remedy for disease is PARKER'S TONIC. It goes to the source of pain and weakness. In response to its action, the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart begin their work afresh, and disease is driven out. The Tonic is not, however, an intoxicant, but cures a desire for strong drink. Have you dyspepsia, rheumatism, or troubles which have refused to yield to other agents? Here is your help.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and knew of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, so I have.

O. MCCLANEY, Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 2d Dis. Iowa.

Send 6 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

UNINVITED GUESTS.

Police Officers Capture a Tricky Medium and His Confederate.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Complaints of annoyances having been made by the neighbors Lieut. Hubbard and four officers in citizen's clothes, accompanied by a woman detective, obtained entrance to a spiritualistic seance at 87 West Madison street. Dr. J. Mather O'Shea was the medium. In the foreground stood a cabinet or closet, from whose depths emerged the spirits, and, in the interval of space between the cabinet and three rows of chairs for the spectators, assumed their various shapes. Behind the chairs, which seat about thirty five persons, and at the further extremity of the room, was a baize curtain, back of which was a lamp burning dimly. This was operated by Mrs. Matthew Vanderburg, the woman of the house, and a confederate of the medium. The officers allowed several shapes to come and go, when at length an Oriental prince advanced from the cabinet. The signal for action was given. The front row of spectators was composed of women who were requested to join hands. The female confederate of the officers, releasing her grasp, formed a breach through which Lieut. Hubbard sprang and overcame the ghost, not, however, until the latter had been divested of its princely habilaments, shirt and undershirt, Mrs. Vanderburg turned out the light. The contingency had been forestalled, and the light from two dark lanterns was afforded by the officers. Chairs were overturned, women screamed, officers and men shouted and for a time chaos prevailed. O'Shea and Mostow, an assistant, were made prisoners. The former impersonated the ghost. He was wrapped in a white robe ornamented with scarfs of tarlatan, a white, patriarchal beard and wig, surmounted by a gilt paper crown and plumes. Other paraphenalia were discovered, and masks, whigs, whistles and other devices employed in representing men and birds, together with the prisoners, were taken to the station. O'Shea is about forty years old. He was educated for the Romish priesthood. He said he knew nothing of the occurrence till he regained consciousness. He denied all knowledge of the accoutrements found in the cabinet and thought they must have been thrown in by the conspirators. O'Shea was booked for obtaining money under false pretenses. A similar charge was preferred against Mostow, and also one for assault with intent to do bodily injury.

COLLISION AT SEA.

A French Brig Sunk and Several Lives Lost.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The ship Thomas Dana, of Boston, Sisson commander, arrived here this morning from Liverpool, whence she sailed October 23, via Fayal, November 8.

The Thomas Dana called at the latter port for the purpose of landing twenty one men, which she had rescued from the French brig Rocaby, which had run into the ship on October 30 and sunk immediately after the collision. At the time the green light on board the brig had been in sight for some time, about two points on the starboard bow of the Thomas Dana. The wind was blowing from south-southwest by south, and the ship was going at the rate of five or six knots per hour. The brig evidently did not have a proper lookout and ran quite near before they saw the ship's light, and in the confusion put their helm to port and ran into the ship, striking on the starboard bow. Had the brig kept her course a collision would have been impossible. The crew of the Thomas Dana did all they could to save the lives of those on the brig, but the latter sank so quick that very few could get on deck and went down with the brig. The ship remained in the vicinity until 10.30 A. M. with a good lookout and then proceeded on her voyage, having sustained but trifling damage. Subsequently A. H. McDonald, a seaman, from Glasgow, fell from aloft and died soon after.

Too Many Engagements.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Quite a commotion was created in society circles in Newark during the present week over the announced engagement of a young doctor to a Connecticut belle. The young lady is an heiress. The doctor was engaged to a lady of Newark for a number of years. Without cause he broke off the engagement, and she refused to return to him the diamond engagement ring. After breaking the engagement the doctor became a regular caller upon a lady who resides near Orange. Her wealth attracted him. While calling upon her he made the acquaintance of another young lady, and both divided his attentions. He would call upon them alternately, thinking that neither was aware of his attention to the other; but at length both discarded him. Then he transferred his affections to the New England belle. To his present affianced the doctor has pledged his troth with a valuable solitaire diamond ring. The wedding is announced to take place shortly after the holidays. The doctor is highly connected.

Unjust Treatment.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 30.—For two long years Stephen Dunn, charged with the murder of Charles Fletcher, both of Cole's circus, has remained in the common jail at Ottawa. At each circuit held since his arrest his counsel have endeavored to have his trial brought on, but in each case the crown attorney has had the case postponed, promising to produce evidence to convict him at the next court. Frequent appeals have been made for his liberation, as there was no evidence to show that he was guilty, all of which have been refused. Yesterday application was made to the attorney general of the province for his release on bail, which was also refused. Dunn comes from the United States where his friends reside. Public opinion exonerates him from any connection with the crime, yet Canadian law gives the crown attorney power to hold him.

A Lover's Rash Deed.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—At 5 o'clock Fritz Runley, better known as California Fritz, shot and instantly killed, at the town of Lake, his former sweetheart, Miss Emma Lefebre. He then, after gazing a moment at the corpse of his once affianced bride, blew his own brains out, dying almost instantly. Jealousy is supposed to have been the cause of the tragedy. The two were engaged to be married at one time, but Miss Lefebre broke off the engagement, since which Runley has indulged in threats against Miss Lefebre. He first went into a saloon and tried his revolver. He then rushed down the street where Emma was at work and asked her to marry him. Upon her refusing to comply, he waited till her back was turned and fired, the ball passing through her head and out of her left eye. He then shot himself.

Gathering of the Clans.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—A few new members of congress arrived this morning, including Nathan Goff, the new republican member from West Virginia; J. J. O'Neill, of St. Louis; J. H. Brewer and William McAdoo, of New Jersey. A large number of members are expected this evening, and it is probable that nearly the entire list of democratic members will be here to attend the caucus on Saturday evening. It is essentiall both to Randall and Carlisle to have every one of their supporters here as the vote will probable be very close in the caucus.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 4, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

J. W. WHEELEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail 35 samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage. Be sure to enclose a confidential price list of our goods. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 46 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED BOOK Canvassers. | MALE and FEMALE |

To engage in the sale of our new and important subscription books. Large profits and liberal terms. We offer a permanent and lucrative business. Address The CINCINNATI PUBLISHING CO., 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Merry

Christmas

and Happy

New Year!

AND FOR YOUR

HOLIDAY GOODS

GO TO

Valentines Store Co., Lim.,

Or for anything in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Choice Confectionery, Oranges, Malaga Grapes, Figs, Raisins, Brazil Filberts, Almonds, Pecans and English Walnuts, Cranberries, Mince meat, &c.

—o—

QUEENSWARE,

Decorated Sets, Glass Sets, Vases, Toilet Sets, Large Variety of Majolica ware, and cheap in price, as we wish to close out these goods during the Holidays.

VALENTINE'S STORE CO., LIM,

General Merchants,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

D. & R.

DINGES & REARICK, CENTRE HALL.

☞Penns Valley Bargain Store.☜

Our line of Zephyrs and yarns is very full and complete.

An assortment of fine ladies' Jersey waists are selling fast—see them before they are all.

Our line of men's, ladies, misses and children's hose is unsurpassed—a big bargain in misses all wool, at 25c.

Examine our line of ladie's and gent's underwear.

We have 24 dozen of one kind of gent's white, all wool, shirts and drawers that we offer at 60 cents. See them and you will buy.

We only mention these few things from our complete stock.

1Oct3m DINGES & REARICK.

Lyon & Co's Store.

SNAPS FOR YOU! SNAPS FOR YOU!

OUR WAY OF SELLING OFF A LARGE WINTER STOCK AT SHORT NOTICE!

$40,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, & CAPS, &c, AT ALMOST HALF PRICE!

Read this through to the end. There is something that will strike you. Then come with your shecklies. Come soon, because we will offer things at less than we can replace them, for after they are sold, we can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Wool Brocaded Fine Dress Goods 15 cts. a yard, Elsewhere 30c.
☞Another lot 8 cents a yard.

One lot of good Gingham	7 cts a yard
One lot of best Gingham	6 " "
White Bed Spreads	45 " "
Cotton Flannel	6 " "
Best Calicos	6 " "
Best Shirting	8 " "
Plaid Flannels	10 " "
Red Table Linen	18 " "
Double White Cashmeres	18 " "
All Wool Black and Colored Cashmeres	37 " "
Red Plaid Flannels	10 " "
Ladies' Gossamers	85 " "

ALL WOOL CASHMERES BLACK & COLORED, AT LEAST ONE THIRD CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

Plaid Dress Goods	6, 8 & 10 cts a yard.
Appleton "A" Muslin	7½cts a yard
Red all Wool Flannels from	15cts up
One extra quality Black Silk at 50 and 75 cts a yard, other places	$1 00 to 1 25
One lot extra quality Black Silk $1, elsewhere	1 50
One lot extra superb quality Black Silk $1 25, elsewhere	2 00
One lot extra heavy Superb Quality Black Silk, $1 75, elsewhere	2 50 & 3 00

COLORED SILK, EXTRA HEAVY, 75cts. IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

Colored silks from	50cts a yard
A new and superb quality all Silk Satin Rhodena	75cts., City prices $1 50
The finest quality 1¼ yard wide, all Wool Dress Cloth and Flannel, $1 per yard, same quality elsewhere	$1 25 per yard
Silk Plushes from	75cts up
Silk Velvets	1 00 & 1 25 up
Velveteen from	35cts up
Colored Blankets from	75cts a pair up
White Blankets from	1 65 a pair up
Undershirts and Drawers from	20 cts up
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for	25 cts
Children's Hose 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Socks 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Wool Hose 18 cts per pair, elsewhere	30 cts
Men's fine seamless all Wool Hose	18 cts a pair.

SHOES AT HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Shoes Good Calf	$1 00 a pair
Ladies' Calf Shoes	2 25 a pair
Children's Shoes	25c, 30c. & 40 c. a pair
Ladies' Button Shoe from	$1 00 a pair
Ladies Button Shoes Finest Quality	1 50 a pair
Best quality, Warranted	1 50 to 2 00
French Kid	2 50 to 3 50

WRIGHT'S BEST ROCHESTER MAKE.

Men's Heavy Winter Pants	75cts a pair
Men's Heavy Winter Pants	$1 00, 1 25 & 1 50
Children's Suits from	1 99 and up

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats	$3 99, 4 00, & 5 00 and up
Men's all Wool suits from	6 99 up
Men's Fine Boots	2 00 a pair
Men's Heavy Boots	1 00 per pair
Boys' Boots	1 25 per pair
Ladies's Castor and Kid Gloves	25 cts per pair
Men's Castor and Buck Gloves	75 cts up

We have no space to mention all the bargains we have, but we have $40,000 worth of stock which shall go in the next 99 days at almost half price.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

CALL ON US AND SAVE MONEY. MONEY RETURNED IF PURCHASE NOT SATISFACTORY.

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S DOLMANS, COATS, ULSTERS, CIRCULARS.

The Largest Stock and Marked Down 35 per cent from last month's Prices.

June28 LYON & CO.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY.

FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG BARGAINS.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kep

NEW DRUG STORE

AT SPRING MILLS, PA.,

Situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS.

Also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Spectacles a Specialty.

Being an apothecary of experience prescriptions will be accurately compounded.

C. E. AURAND, *Druggist*,
sep 27y *Spring Mills, Pa.*

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.
after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8matf

USE KREIDER'S EXTRA-PURE NEW FAMILY, KILN-DRIED CORN-MEAL
For Sale by GROCERY and PROVISION DEALERS
ITS QUALITY CAN NOT BE EXCELLED—TRY IT TO PROVE THAT
Circular to the trade, mailed free on application by postal card. Address, JOHN G. KREIDER, Milton Grove, Pa. 5nov3m

SPRING MILLS Plaining Mill.

☞The place to buy your best and cheapest Building Material is of

Jas. S. Kape & Co.,
Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of
FLOORING,
GERMAN, &
SPLIT SIDING,
SURFACE BOARDS,
WINDOW SASHES,
SHUTTERS, BLINDS
&c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

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BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial. 28june tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

DR. G. W. KLINE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Potters Mills, Pa.
All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has several years successful practice. 11jun6m

SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!

The Great German Remedy
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared and sold at Wholesale by the
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32 Willow Street, Williamsport, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE AGENCY:
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Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14nadr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

CENTRE HALL
Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS
SLEIGHS
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always have done: treat you fair and honest and I give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,

In New Addition to Bush's Arcade

BELLEFONTE, PA

P. S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

☞Cash paid for all kinds of hides

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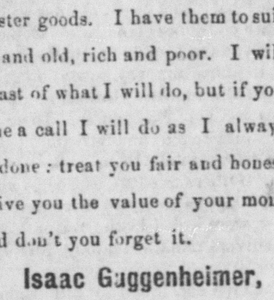
GRAHAM & SON,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.



If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best:

E C BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.

J. H. BYRMESS'
Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of
MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS
PLOW SHOES, BROGANS,
& SLIPPERS
of every description, at the lowest figures.

☞Remember the place, on Corner of BROCKERHOFF ROW,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A

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CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS. Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,

CENTRE HALL.

Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits and Allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.

JAS. A. BEAVER, Pres. — J D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

STEAM BENDING SHOPS,

AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent hounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

11oct y — J. B. REAM & SON.

CAPITAL TOPICS.

Sayings and Doings of Prominent Persons in Washington.

The Kentucky Delegation's Choice for Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations—The New Officers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Representative Buckner, of Missouri, stated to an American Press reporter that he had a conversation with Speaker Carlisle and was informed that the speaker had made a list of the new members of the house, which he had placed in the hands of friends for the purpose of ascertaining the strong business points of the new men, that good judgment may be exercised in the formation of the committees, and that Speaker Carlisle said that he did not think it possible for him to announce the committees before week after next, just before the holiday recess.

The Kentucky delegation is urging the speaker to place Joe Blackburn at the head of the committee on appropriations and it is said the matter is being made a personal one by the entire delegation. The speaker had determined to give the position to Mr. Randall, but the Kentucky members say it would be of ill grace for him to do so under the circumstances. They say that when Mr. Randall was speaker four years ago he ignored Mr. Blackburn and refused to do anything of consequence for the delegation as a whole; that Mr. Blackburn exerted his best efforts for the election of Carlisle, and that it would be more than ungrateful if Carlisle now passed over Blackburn to honor Randall, his opponent. Carlisle is said to have taken the question under serious consideration.

The joint resolution introduced by Senator Lapham in relation to the veto power proposes the following amendment to article 1 of tho constitution:

"If any bill is presented to the president, containing items of appropriations of money, he may object to one or more of the provisions of such bill while approving of the remainder of its provisions. In such case he shall append to the bill, at the time of signing it, a statement of the provisions to which he objects, and he shall transmit to the house in which the bill originated a copy of such objection, and the provisions so objected to shall be separately considered. On discussion, if one or more such provisions be approved by two thirds of the members of each house, the same shall be part of the law, notwithstanding the objection of the president. All the provisions of those sections relating to bills not approved by the president shall apply in cases in which he shall withhold his approval from any provision or provisions contained in a bill containing appropriations of money."

Representative King, of Louisiana, has prepared a bill which provides that the compensation of women in the government departments shall be the same as that of men for a similar grade of work.

The sergeant at arms was besieged by members who wanted money and balance of accounts. The officers of the clerk and doorkeeper were also crowded by the democratic members who wanted to know when they could designate men for positions. The officers are going slow in filling positions, and but few appointments will be made until Monday. Clerk Clark says he has upwards of 500 applications for about thirty five positions.

A very large number of northern members of congress of both parties have gone home and many of them will not be back until after the holidays. Mr. Randall went to New York Wednesday to have a consultation with his political friends there, and Mr. Hewitt went the same night. Mr. Dorsheimer left yesterday. There is a great deal of ill feeling among the men who supported Cox and Randall for speaker. Both candidates claim to have been sold out by their alleged friends. Their position is a very unpleasant one and may lead to a conflict in the house after the speaker has announced the committees.

The following are the newly-elected officers of the house:

Speaker—John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky.
Clerk—J. B. Clark, of Missouri.
Sergeant at Arms—John P. Leedom, of Ohio.
Doorkeeper—J. G. Wintersmith, of Texas
Postmaster—Lycurgus Dalton, of Indiana
Chaplain—Rev. Dr. John L. Lindsay, of the District of Columbia.

IMPENDING WAR.

Foreigners in Canton Warned and Troops Massing.

HONG KONG, Dec. 6.—Admiral Peng Yu Lin, who was sent by the emperor of China to Tonquin to investigate the position of affairs, has returned to Canton. He has notified all foreigners that war between China and France is imminent and has ordered the massing of all available land and sea forces for the protection of Canton. He holds France answerable for precipitating a war and warns the neutral powers to observe their treaty stipulations and the rules of international law.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—The yellow book on the Tonquin affair was distributed to the deputies today. It contains the Chinese memorandum given by Minister Ferry on the 29th to the Tonquin credits committee. It says that France imposed upon Annam an unjust treaty, ignoring the rights of China; that France had invaded Annam and manifested an intentention to take Bac Ninh, the key of the Chinese empire, and that China, while feeling compelled to resist aggression, appealed to the honor of France to so act as to prevent bloodshed. It also contains the note of M. Ferry to the Marquis Tseng, suggesting that special power be intrusted to the military chiefs in Tonquin to effect an understanding by which China could surrender to Bac Ninh and Sontay peacefully to Admiral Courbet, and that subsequently a definite settlement could be negotiated. The marquis regrets that France regards the occupation as indispensable, and fails to perceive the necessity for it. If it became a question of the possession of Tonquin further negotiations would be useless.

Asking for the Release of O'Donnell.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Ed. O'Meagher Condon and others, on behalf of the Gliana-Gael association, have prepared a circular letter which will be handed to members of congress, asking prompt aid to relieve O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey, from his impending fate. The letter, after stating that the act for the commission of which O'Donnell now awaits execution "is that of having dared to defend successfully his life against an attack made upon him by a wretch who had already betrayed and hounded to death several of his associates," says that the essential attributes of premeditation necessary to establish the charge of murder are totally wanting in O'Donnell's case. The document ends as follows: "Executive action cannot be considered unbefitting, and should be requested in O'Donnell's case, as the question is simply whether an American citizen shall, by a foreign government, be put to death by illegal and foul means, without remonstrance or an effort to save him."

Patent dolls, China dolls, sweet and pretty, at Cedars—cheap!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Practical Illustration of its Power.

A mother's love! What a potent thing it is! It will melt the heart of the most hardened criminal when no other influence would be effectual. No one but a mother knows its full meaning, but every one can appreciate it if they will. It is known, though, that it means sleepless nights, care, inconvenience, and, if necessary, want, hardship and death. But the subject has been too eloquently treated by the sweetest poets and the ablest writers to furnish an essay for these columns. Too many practical illustrations occur in every day life for it to be dwelt upon, so that it is unnecessary to speak of the subject further in order to make the reader understand the full meaning of what is to follow.

Mrs. Henry Schnalen, of Ashland, Ky., writes that her daughter has been cured of deafness which resulted from chronic catarrh. She tells how she had lost all hope of her daughter (her ideal) being cured, and how overjoyed she is at the result. After trying many remedies she says Peruna brought a cure and that the daughter's hearing is restored. She concludes by speaking in the most flattering terms of Peruna, and then describes in the most lovely manner the happiness it has brought her, and reviews the distress she experienced while her daughter was afflicted.

A large and elegant line of silk handkerchiefs at the Bee Hive for the holidays.

A couple of fishermen, named Hugh Niece and Sam Alderman, living on Island No. 10 in the Mississippi river near Cairo, Ill., quarreled over a game of cards and in the fight which followed Niece crushed Alderman's head in with an axe, inflicting a fatal wound. John Alderman, a nephew of the wounded man, and a companion, named Lusk, armed themselves and went on a hunt for Niece, and devoted a day to searching his premises, without avail. In the dusk of the evening they sat down upon a hollow log to wait for him and were discussing their future movements when they heard a cough come from within the recesses of their hollow seat. Investigation showed that it was Niece's hiding place. The cough was a fatal one, as Alderman and his companion drew the unfortunate wretch from the log and bade him prepare for death. He begged to be allowed to take his chances of a trial in the courts, stating that he had struck his victim in a fair fight, but his appeal was in vain. His captors, each of whom was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, emptied their weapons into his breast, while he still knelt, begging for mercy.

Look out for the great holiday attractions at the Bee Hive.

An exchange gives the following good advice, which we commend to our readers: "Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it, especially if it is about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. People sometimes tell falsehoods—they often make mistakes, and they sometimes "hear wrong." There is an ocular illusion as well as optical illusion. Take these things into consideration even before you believe. As for repeating the story, ask yourself if it is necessary. It is sometimes necessary. Then do it with the fear of God and the remembrance of the golden rule before you. Let us give the helping hand, not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands toward us when we stand in need."

Beware of those who put indirect thrusts at their neighbors and secretly try to create strife, pretending at the same time to be peacemakers—they are the curse of the neighborhood.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &

PATENT IRON ROOFING.

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,

COAL STOVES,

& RANGES.

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A GREAT PROBLEM.

TAKE ALL THE

KIDNEY & LIVER MEDICINES.

BLOOD PURIFIERS,

RHEUMATIC REMEDIES.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION CURES.

AGUE, FEVER, AND BILIOUS SPECIFICS,

BRAIN & NERVE, FORCE REVIVERS.

GREAT HEALTH RESTORERS.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL the best qualities of these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this. dec.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
jun22tf — Centre Hall

HARDWARE.
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—for—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND
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REAPERS,
REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS,
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

WM. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA,

Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instruction under D W. A. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. mar29,

Cards—Attorneys.

C P HEWES,
Attorney-at-Law.
Practices in all the Courts. Office in the Furst building, Bellefonte. 2mayt

JOHN BLAIR LYON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb 1f

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefont

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new buildi

SECHLERS! SECHLERS! SECHLERS

— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES AND
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PROVISIONS,
PROVISIONS,

Such as

TEAS, COFFEES.
SUGARS, SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES.
FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,

Together with

GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and amusement long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Washington and back to Printing House square, and then three quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same trio of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times.

Hardly paper of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in its 365 days afford the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which goes at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its might for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go to this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

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The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY 50 cents a month; $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $8.

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, especially articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary views of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.

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By paying the REPORTER one year in advance and sending us a new name with a year's pay in advance, we will send each the "Chicago Weekly News" free one year as a premium. A splendid chance to get a good western paper free.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
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HEALTH IS WEALTH!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

EISNER & MENDELSON, 220 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"PURITAS."

The celebrated vegetable Blood Purifier. It immediately cures Headache, Constipation, Purifies the Skin. Mailed anywhere upon receipt of 25 cents. Unsurpassed for Children. EISNER & MENDELSON,
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BARNUM CHEESE SAFES.

(Patented.)

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BUY NONE! HAVE NONE! USE NONE!! But The celebrated BARNUM SAFES.

For sale generally by the wholesale woodenware and grocery dealers. If your jobber cannot supply you, send your orders direct to us.

The E. T. Barnum Wire & Iron Works,
DETROIT, MICH.

THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.

A Mechanical Wonder.

Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity; fully aware of its merit we had thousands of Dolls ready for the Holiday trade notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December, and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. The Doll has been improved in every way since last year. Instead of the stiff German body as in all imported Dolls our Doll has an AMERICAN MADE BODY with limber joints so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arm is of Finest Kid with separate fingers. These are positively the finest Dolls ever put in a Doll, they are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more expensively made than the best imported bodies which they will outwear many times. The Waxed Heads with long heirs of the best French and German make made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll's Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the Wonderful Singing Attachment THE DOLL ALONE IS WELL WORTH THE MONEY PAID. THE SINGING ATTACHMENT is concealed within the body, it is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. Its shape and location are shown in the right hand engraving. It is a Perfect Musical Instrument, finely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs; "Home sweet home," "Evangeline," "I want to be an angel," "There is a happy land," "Sweet bye and bye," "Bonnie Doon," "How can I leave thee?" "A B C Song," "America," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "God save the Queen," "Tell Aunt Rhody," "Hey a Brown," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "God save the Queen," "Tell Aunt Rhody," "Hey a Brown," "Last Rose of Summer," "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Dundee," "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Rock of Ages," "Sweet By and By," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Do many Stars" (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Do many Stars" (German), "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "God save the Queen," "Tell Aunt Rhody," "Hey a Brown," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "God save the Queen," "Tell Aunt Rhody," "Hey a Brown," "Last Rose of Summer," "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Dundee," "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Rock of Ages," "Sweet By and By," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Do many Stars" (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Do many Stars" (German), "When I a little bird," "Cradle's Empty," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message" (German), "Bless the Prince of Wales," "Grandfather's Clock," "Child's Song," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message

The Wreck Mystery.

"If you care to hear it," said the old pioneer detaining the writer and busying himself about his meerschaum, "I can tell you of a neat job my friend Renlock, the Turk, you know, put up on a London marine assurance company through the agency in San Francisco. After he ran out of money to buy gold dust in 1852, he left San Francisco and went to China, from whence he returned in a few months filled with a new project.' He proposed to start a mint in Shanghai to coin Spanish-milled dollars, then at a premium of 25 to 30 cents with Chinese merchants. Previous to this he had bought a small but effective coining apparatus, which the police had discovered and seized in the chaparral, near the mission, and about the ownership and uses of which there was a good deal of mystery that has never been cleared up. However, Renlock bought the 'trick,' and stored it in the basement of Wass, Mollitor & Co.'s assay office. It was with this portable mint (the dies for which were made by the same man who made the 'slug dies' for Kellogg & Humbert) he was going to do the coining at Shanghai. Mr. Fisher, the paying teller of Page & Bacon's bank, put altogether about $20,000 into the scheme, and the bank itself about half that amount. Renlock then went heavily into the purchase of silver bullion, and I, among others, bought and sold large quantities of Mexican dollars on his account. I sometimes thought, in handling this coin, that it had a familiar touch; that it had passed through my hands several times before; that, in fact, these dollars were being bought and sold over and over again. But I muzzled my suspicions, held my peace, and took the usual liberal percentage for my services as broker. In the meantime Renlock was very busy in Wass & Mollitor's basement, boxing, for the purpose of shipment, the purchased bullion—each box, as stated, holding $3,000. He had purchased a brand new Maine-built bark to convey his treasure to China. Soon his arrangements were completed, and he was ready to sail. He had bills of lading for $300,000, the amount of bullion on board, a policy of insurance fully covering this amount, procured through the agency of a responsible London company, and the ship was also insured for her full value. He left port with flying colors. The next news heard of Renlock and his venture was that the bark had been found by the United States ship of war Vincennes, in a sinking condition just off the coast, somewhere in the China seas. The crew had all deserted her, and were on shore in the vicinity. The peculiarity of the position of the vessel was that she was down forward, while aft the hull was out of water. After ineffectual attempts to free the hold, the pumps being choked, to raise, unshackle or slip the anchor, the Vincennes men were ordered to desist, the officer in charge saying that if the captain of the partially foundered bark and his crew were not interested enough to stand by their craft, he was not going to take any extra trouble. They would, however, convey the captain and crew to Hong Kong as shipwrecked mariners and report the case. So they abandoned the bark to her fate. That same night three of the bark's crew put off from the shore in a small boat to try and get hold of some of the silver bullion they supposed to be on board.

They worked as silently and expeditiously as they could, under the cover of darkness, and soon broke through into the run and hauled out a couple of the coveted boxes, the lids of which they pried off with a small crowbar, when lo! and behold, it was not silver bullion and Mexican dollars that met their astonished gaze, but scrap iron, compactly kept in place by a dunnage of small shot. They did not pursue the search further, but when they rowed ashore had one of the boxes with them, and the scene between themselves, Renlock and the skipper can better be imagined than described. It was the packing of these boxes that had engaged Renlock's time in Wass & Molitor's basement. When everybody thought he was putting up bullion he was only packing scrap iron and shot. My suspicions of handling the Mexican dollars over and over again was right, you see. The captain was privy to the whole transaction, only before he scuttled the bark he did not have sense enough to put in the ballast required to sink her, and she was only water-logged. After a tremendous row, Renlock pacified the sailors and bought their silence by promising to give each a handsome sum on arriving in Hong Kong. The next day, pretending to give up the bark for a bad job, they all took passage on the Vincennes for Hong Kong, and it was not long before Renlock negotiated with the house of Jardine, Mathieson & Co. an advance of $150,000 on his insurance policies. How much he gave the Captain and crew was for some time a secret, but it leaked out that he had paid them in drafts on England, which, of course, were never honored. Meantime, Fisher, the paying teller of Page & Bacon's bank, who advanced $20,000 to Renlock, got a letter to meet him in New York on a certain day to receive his money. He had lost his vessel, he stated, and the insurance was to be settled in New York. Fisher started immediately but had not been gone more than three or four days before Renlock turned up in San Francisco. The letter was a ruse to get the paying teller out of the way, and Renlock hoped in his absence to get the policy cashed and leave with the proceeds. He was a bold "operator," that Turk, if he was a Turk. But bold as his action was, and quick as he was in movements, he was hardly speedy enough. The house in Hong Kong that had made advances on his policies had by this time communicated with the London office in regard to the same. The insurance company was startled, and at once dispatched an agent to San Francisco to investigate. He visited Maine en route, and questioned the builders of the bark Renlock had bought. The vessel was described as A 1. Then the agent hurried on to San Francisco to confront Renlock; but as he came into the city that individual, who had somehow got wind of his errand, left it. Where he went nobody knows to this day. A man could hide himself in the world much more effectually at that time, you know, than he can in this railroad-telegraph age. And I never found out, either, whether Jardine, Mathieson & Co. were made good for $150,000 advanced."

"Rough financiering in the old times, I should say."

"Slightly uneven occasionally," assented the old pioneer, "but it had its charms—it had its charms."

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.

A Pistol at a Wedding.

"Professor Jake" Bonsall, as he is called, is the son of a Berks county farmer, and is not more than thirty years old. Three years ago he taught school in Norwegian township, and during the winter boarded with Mr. Fletterman, whose daughter Addie he became infatuated with and wanted to marry. Fletterman made some inquiries about Bonsall, and learning that he was dissipated and had been arrested in Reading for garroting and robbing a drunken man he ordered him out of the house. He also endeavored to have him removed from his position as teacher of the district school, but failed. Bonsall then went to board at a neighboring farm and kept up a secret correspondence with Miss Fletterman, Miss Kline, who was at that time sixteen years of age, carrying the letters between the separated lovers. Miss Kline is an orphan and has for eleven years lived with her uncle, who holds in trust for her $35,000, which is her share of her father's estate. She is a blonde, and very pretty, and, although deaf and dumb, has had several offers of marriage. When Bonsall learned that she was an heiress he at once began making love to her, and although he is neither handsome nor intelligent she fell in love with him and, in order to keep her rival cousin out of the field, exposed her letters to Mr. Fletterman. He at once sent his daughter to Philadelphia, where she still lives. Before the school term ended Bonsall was accused of stealing a gold watch from Henry W. Zulich. Constable Hoffman then attempted to arrest "The Professor," who, in the school room, in the presence of his pupils, shot the officer through the shoulder, dashed out of the house, jumped into the Constable's sulky and drove off. He went West and did not reappear in this part of Pennsylvania until last spring, after Zulich was dead. Shortly after that he was arrested in Bethlehem for robbery. The charge was not proved, and in Easton a few days later "The Professor stabbed a tramp called "Dublin Dan," with whom he quarrelled over the division of the proceeds of a robbery. He spent the summer traveling about Lebanon, Berks and Lancaster counties, and although the police authorities have suspected him of scores of offenses they were unable to fasten any of the crimes upon him. He made his headquarters while in the Welsh Mountains with the Freelings, Strouses and other families connected with the Buzzards.

Recently Miss Kline left her uncle's house, saying that she intended to pay a visit to a girl friend who lived half a mile off. That afternoon, as the Rev. Andrew J. Hoechler was driving from Schafferstown to Cocalico, he overtook Bonsall, whom he did not know. At his invitation Bonsall got into the carriage. They had not gone one hundred yards together before Bonsall grabbed the lines, pulled the horse to a standstill and excitedly said:

"Are you a preacher?"

The astounded minister replied, "Yes."

"Then you are the man I'm looking for. I was just making for Cocalico when you met with me."

With that he deliberately pulled the horse around towards Shafferstown. Mr. Hoeckler objected, on the ground that he had business to attend to and could not go back.

"You must go," said Bonsall. "This is business, and if you make any fuss there will be trouble." Then he told the minister that two miles back there was a dying man who wanted to make a confession that would release an innocent man from the penitentiary. They drove two miles, got out and walked half a mile acrosss the fields to the cabin of Bock. Bonsall went in without knocking, and when Mr. Hoeckler entered "The Professor" closed and bolted the door. Bock, who was intoxicated, went into a back room and soon returned with Miss Kline, who was weeping.

"Now," said Bonsall, taking the weeping girl by the hand and addressing the minister, "you might as well know that I lied to you. I want you to marry this woman and me. Go ahead. Don't waste any time."

The minister hesitated and spoke to the girl. She looked at Bonsall, who said: "She can neither talk nor hear."

"I refuse to marry you," said Mr. Hoeckler.

"But you must," exclaimed Bonsall, drawing a revolver and cocking it. "You think she doesn't want to marry me, I suppose."

Taking a notebook from his pocket Bonsall wrote: "This man does not think you want to marry me," and showed it to the girl.

She instantly took the pencil and underneath the query wrote: "Oh, yes, I love him and must marry him at once; now."

The minister then made them husband and wife, but it was not until the last word was spoken that the groom put up his revolver. The girl gave the minister $5, and he drove away to tell his strange story. On Friday he learned who the girl's uncle was and went there to inquire whether the marriage was known to him. Mr. Fletterman was not at home and Mr. Hoeckler went away, promising to return in the evening.

In the meantime Miss Kline, who had returned home after her marriage on Thursday afternoon, fled from her uncle's house, taking with her all her jewelry and $165. When Mr. Fletterman heard the minister's story that evening and learned of his niece's elopement he consulted the authorities and learned that three warrants charging "The Professor" with robbery had been issued at Lebanon earlier in the week. The story of Miss Kline's marriage spread rapidly. She and Bonsall were seen near Womelsdorf in a wagon. Mr. Fletterman, Constable Schwartz and two other men, who were promised $50 if "The Professor" was captured with their assistance, started in pursuit. No further trace of the missing girl could be found, but the pursuing party learned that Bonsall and a vagabond, known as "Horse" Spiegle, had been in Womelsdorf that day. Their trail was found, and after a chase of four miles Bonsall and Spiegle stopped, and the pursuers saw "The Professor" draw his pistol and covered himself with a tree. The Constable's party halted and unlimbered their fire-arms. Between thirty and forty shots were fired and then the official party retreated in good order. Bonsall is now in the mountains, and it will be difficult to effect his capture. Mr. Fletterman said to-day that he would lodge "The Professor" in jail if it cost $1,000 to do it. It is the general impression here that before taking to the mountains Bonsall sent his wife to Philadelphia, whern he intends to join her as soon as he can elude the country officers who are after him.

Deep Sea Research.

Of late years, and notably since the voyage of the Challenger, much attention has been devoted to deep sea investigations from a purely scientific point of view and expeditions have been fitted out for this purpose from time to time by various Governments. These expeditions have all yielded a rich harvest of results, and in several countries they have become a part of the permanent marine establishment—as, for instance, in America, where the Albatross has been built and equipped especially for this purpose; and in Italy, where her spirited hydrographer, Captain Magnaghi, in company with Professor Giglioli of Florence, every year explores some portion of the Mediterranean. Since the return of the Challenger but little has been done in this direction by our Government, but though the country, as represented by its Government, has done little, its credit has been amply sustained by the private enterprise of its telegraph engineers.

The experience which has now been gained by the extension of cable communication to all parts of the globe has shown that the more carefully the route has been surveyed as regards not only the depth but also the nature of the bottom, the greater is the likilhood that the cable will be laid successfully and will remain undamaged. It is evident that in the preparation of such a minute survey of a part of the ocean, much information valuable to science must be collected, and with proper precautions might be preserved and utilized.

In order that the work done on board a telegraph ship for a purely commercial purpose may be made useful for science, means must be found for harvesting these results without affecting or interfering with the commercial character of the enterprise. With the view of carrying this out on board the ships of the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company, Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, who was a member of the scientific staff of the Challenger expedition, has been invited to accompany the expedition which sailed recently from the Thames to survey the route and lay the cables connecting Cadiz and the Canary Islands, and these islands with Senegal on the western coast of Africa.

Even on antiquarian grounds the survey of a part of the sea supposed to cover the sight of the lost Atlantis would be of great interest. This interest is much increased by recent experience during the laying of the cable from Lisbon to Madeira. The route had been carefully sounded, and the cable was being laid over into what was believed to be close on 2,000 fathoms, when it suddenly parted. Soundings taken immediately revealed the existence of a bank with no more than 115 fathoms of water on it, which had been missed while surveying the route. Again, quite recently—indeed, within the last two weeks—the French exploring vessel Talisman, which had been investigating this part of the ocean with a numerous scientific staff under the direction of the veteran Milne-Edwards, discovered another bank to the Southward of the "Seine Bank," above mentioned, with as little as seventy fathoms on it. This bank was found to be about thirty miles long from east to west, and six miles broad from north to south. The French Government has, with great promptitude and courtesy, supplied the company with the Talisman soundings, and an important part of the work of the two cable ships which will be engaged in this service will be to thoroughly survey this bank and trace its connections, if any exist.

If these banks turn out to be, as there is good reason to believe, isolated by very deep water from all land, the interest attaching to a thorough investigation of what is to be found on them, whether vegetable or mineral, is of the very highest order, for they are the only banks of the kind which at present are known to exist. Apart from the special investigation of these banks the survey of the line of route which is carried on by two ships working in concert along a zigzag course, sounding every seven miles must necessarily furnish much important information.

Between Madeira and the Canary Islands lie the small group of the Salvage Islands, which may be said to be almost unknown. It is intended to carry the soundings round them, so as to determine whether they are connected with any of the new banks or with known land. It is also intended to land on the islands, from which interesting collections may be expected.

In addition to the instruments ordinarily carried in the ships, Mr. Buchanan takes out a new sounding tube, constructed for use with the ordinary wire sounding apparatus. With it it will be possible at every station to secure a good sample of the mud and of the water from the bottom without altering the routine work of the ship. As the route crosses the mouth of the Mediterranean it will thus be possible to determine the extent to which the dense warm water which leaves that sea as a bottom current affects the density and temperature of the deep water of the North Atlantic in its neighborhood.

The ships to be used are the Dacia and the International, both belonging to the company, whose headquarters are Silvertown. The expedition is under the charge of Mr. Robert Gray, the Company's Telegraph Engineer-in-Chief, to whose energy and enterprise is due the project of making science and business work together in the department with which he is connected, and in which he is so well known.

Outward actions can never give a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions.

About Courtship.

"My friends," said an oratorical Quakeress, "there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs and brickbats into fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself.

"The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; it let alone they would die of themselves.

"And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would run after them."

A young gentleman fell in love with the daughter of his employer; but the different social status of the pair seemed to preclude all hope of a successful issue, the young lady's papa sternly forbidding any further progress in the matter, and denying the young man the privilege of continuing to visit the house. The situation appeared almost hopeless; but feminine ingenuity rose to the occasion. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the unconscious bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the lining of her father's cloak, and when the old gentleman threw off the garment in the countinghouse, her lover would take the earliest opportunity to secure the valued missive and to send back his reply in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

Another case was that of a young lady whose friends refused to ratify her choice and approve her betrothal. The expedient she hit upon was simple, but effective. She just went to bed, declaring her intention to remain there till her parents gave their consent, which occurred in less than a fortnight. It was found by that time to be less expensive and more agreeable to call in the lover than the doctor.

A lady was asked on one occasion why plain girls get married sooner than handsome ones, to which she replied, that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men.

"How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman.

"In this way," answered the lady. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

There have been cases, however, in which the situation presented here has been reversed, and plain, even ugly, men have succeeded in making themselves so agreeable to young ladies as to become their accepted suitors.

Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed at the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterward he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her; and, in his usual miraculous way; he found the money.

It is always safer to risk a little flat-

"Happy is the wooing
That is not long a doing."

tery, says the old couplet; but a modern counselor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice: "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days, and at a picnic." Marrying in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship; though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether, and prevent what might have been a happy union.

It may be concluded there is a screw loose somewhere if Matilda is overheard to say to her Theodore, as they steam up the river with the excursion:

"Don't sit so far away from me, dear, and turn your back on me so; people will think we're married."

Foreign Hotels for Women.

American women going to Europe without escorts will hear with satisfaction of the establishment in Amsterdam and several other cities in Holland of a Hotel for Women to which men are not admitted as guests. Apartments are to be provided to suit every class, from the richest to the poorest; but the cheapest rooms in the attic are to be as clean as the suites on the first floor. These houses, it is stated, are an experiment of a society interested in the development of women, and are not managed with the expectation of any pecuniary profit. It is easy to understand why the benevolent Dutchmen, bent on the development of wives and daughters, should, as the first stage in their work, have made this odd experiment of insuring their safety from insult while traveling. Homes for women could be established with great propriety in most Continental cities, and would no doubt receive a good deal of American and English patronage.

The Boss Mason.

A middle-aged lady, with a black alpaca dress, worn shiney at the elbows, and a cheap shawl and a cheap bonnet, and her hands puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of a prominent Mason a few mornings ago and took a chair. She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face on a blue-checked apron, and when the Mason looked at her, with an interested, brotherly look, as though she was in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?"

He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated a moment, fingered the corner of her apron and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole two hundred and thirty three degrees of Masonry?"

The man laughed and told her there were only thirty three degrees, and that he had only taken thirty-two. The other degree could only be taken by a very few who were recommended by the Grand Lodge, and they had to go to New York to get the thirty third degree.

The lady studied a minute, unpinned the safety-pin that held her shawl together, and put it in her mouth, took a long breath, and said:

Where does my husband get the other two hundred degrees then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got two hundred degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to set up with a corpse three nights a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "And do they keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to set up with the other three nights?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally was one sick enough to call for Masonic assistance.

"But why do you ask those questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason,

The woman picked the fringe of her shawl, hung her head down, and said:

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since. He has come home twice with the wrong pair of drawers on and when I asked him how it was, he said it was a secret he could not reveal under penalty of being shot with a cannon. All he would say was that he took a degree. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has taken 233 degrees, including the grand Sky Fugle degree, which he took the night he came home with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin.

"O, Madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugle degree in Masonry. Your husband has deceived you."

"That is what I think," said she, as a baleful light appeared in her eye! "He said he was taking the Ske Eagle degree and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken about 150 degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter, but he said when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home with him along in the morning and they talk about "full flash," and about their 'pat hands,' and raising 'em out.' One night when he was asleep, I heard him whisper: 'I raise you $10' and when I asked him what it meant, he said they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed, after he had been asleep, and shouted: 'I stand pat,' and when I asked him what he meant he said he was ruined if I told it. He said he had spoken the pass word, and if the brethren knew of it they would put him out of the way, even as Morgan was put out of the way?"

Mister, is 'I stand pat' your pass word?"

The Mason told her it was not, that the words she had spoken was an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added that he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all those years.

She sighed and said. "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket. He said they used them at the Lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate. If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be obliged to you. He says he has taken all the 233 degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias. I want to get out an injunction to prevent him from joining anything else until we get some underclothes for winter. I'll tell you what I will do. The next time he says anything about Sky Fugle Degrees, I will take a washboard and make him think that there is one degree in Masonry that he has skipped, and now good-by. You have comforted me greatly, and I will lay awake to night till my husband comes from the Lodge with his patthand, and I will make him think he has forgot his ante."

The lady went out to a grocery to buy some bar soap, and the prominent Mason resumed his business with a feeling that we are not all truly good, and there is cheating going on all around.

Slaughter at Hue.

Pierre Lote, an officer of the French expeditionary force in Tonquin, sends the following description of the fall of Hue:—The beaten Annamites were cooped up in the burning village. The only road of escape from the flames lay under the guns of the fort, which was filled with sailors armed with Krapotchak repeating rifles with sight carefully adjusted to the distance. Magazines of rifles were duly loaded. The men looked on waiting until a flank movement of the other troops and the firing of the bamboo huts should drive the human quarry out before them. We saw them halting at the end of the village with singed hair and garments. Then, after a few moments' hesitation, tucking up their flowing robes as high as they could and trying to protect their heads with planks against the impending shower of bullets, they rushed on.

A great butchery then commenced. Two volleys were fired. It was quite a treat (*c'etait un plaisir*) to see these fanlike streams of bullets sweeping down upon the fugitives. They were poured in twice in one minute at the word of command, and in a sure, methodical manner. It was like a jet from a huge watering pot, which mowed them down by dozens. In a cloud of dust and gravel we could see some who seemed to be driven mad, picking themselves up, limping now one way now another, like wounded animals. Gathering up their robes in a comical manner, their long hair unfastened and streaming down their backs, made them look like women. Others tried to escape by swimming a lagoon to try to reach the junks. These were killed in the water. Some good divers remained a long time under water.

Our men continued to kill them all the same when they came up to breathe like seals. The men then amused themselves counting the dead—fifty on the left, eighty to the right. In the village were small heaps. With those killed in the southern forts, about eight hundred or a thousand must have been disposed of. The sailors made bets as to the numbers destroyed. About nine in the morning all was over, and the rout of the Annamites was complete.

The heat was intense and the sailors, maddened by the sun and the noise and quivering with excitement, rushed out of the fort after the wounded. Some were crouching in holes, others were feigning death, while others at the last gasp were stretching out their hands pleading for mercy and shouting, "Han, Han!" in heart-rending accents. Our men slaughtered them with bayonets or brained them with the butt ends of their muskets. The Annamite servants, diminutive, effeminate lads, who had followed the infantry from Saigon, were hunted out. When one of the fugitives was unearthed the sailors would call out, "Here's another. Come, give him 'le'ang, le'ang.'"

These sailors were quite unrecognizable. They were absolutely madmen. The officers attempted to restrain them and said to them, "You ought to be ashamed of such cowardly, dirty work." They replied, "The Annamites are savages. They carried the head of Captain Riviere on the top of a pole, and if they carried the day they would cut the French to pieces or saw them within two planks." There was no reply possible to this—it was true, and so they were left to their grim work.

Population of Paris.

An analysis of the population of Paris just published, gives very singular statistics as to the inhabitants of the gayest city in Europe. It seems also, for its size, to be the most industrious. The proportion in which the working classes exceed those who live on their own income is the more remarkable as Paris is the recognized centre of expenditure and extravagance of all France. There are no cities that hold to the capital the same relative position that Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham occupy relatively to London. More than half a million of Parisians are employed in commerce, trade, and banking operations, while of the artisan class there are considerably more than a million and a quarter. The liberal professions seem to occupy but a small proportion of the populations. All combined do not amount to 200,000, and in the subdivisions the prominence is quite different to what it would be to us. The great majority are in the public service which employs more than medicine, law and divinity all combined. But, after the public service, it is art which gives employment and livelihood to the greatest number of Parisians. Forty two thousand get their income from this branch of industry. The doctors come after, but a long way after. Medicine, in its branches, supports 18,000, the branches of course, including druggists and all compounders and venders of medicine. Then comes the law, with its 16,000 votaries, from judge to bailiff. Literature figures very low on the list, for, grouped with science and journalism, it gives employment to only 11,000 people, while all the clergy of all the persuasions, amount to but half that number. On the whole, Paris would seem to be more industrious, more artistic, less literary, and less religious than the ordinary visitor would suppose.

PACKING BUTTER.—Use six-gallon stone crocks; rinse well with brine and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle a little salt evenly over the bottom of the jar, then pack in the butter as solid as possible. Make a quart of brine strong enough to bear an egg and pour over the butter; set away in a cool place. When the next churning is ready to pack, pour off the brine in an earthen dish; put in the butter, press down firmly and pour over the brine; continue the same until the jar is full; then pour off the brine and place on the butter a clean cloth that has been wet in the brine; on this cloth place enough salt to fill the jar; tie another cloth over the top and on it place a board and stone. Butter worked and packed according to these directions will keep sweet for months.

EGGS.—Procure a pine box nineteen inches long, thirteen inches wide and eight inches deep (this is a convenient size to pack in and handle:) cover the bottom with salt, on this place a layer of eggs with the small ends down, and so on until the box is filled. Do not allow the eggs to touch each other, nor any part of the box. Care should also be taken that each layer of salt is thick enough to keep each layer of eggs separate. The secret of success lies in keeping each surrounded by salt. The top layer should be of salt. Keep in a cool place. Do not use stone jars for packing, as in them the eggs will gather dampness and spoil,

CORNMEAL fruit pudding.—Scald one pint of milk, pour on one large cup of white Indian meal, when cool add one cup of flour and one cup of cold milk or enough to make a smooth paste. Beat well together. Make a custard of a pint and a half of milk, one cup of powdered sugar and four eggs; beat gradually into the paste. When all are mixed into a light batter, stir in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and mace, one-half pound of seeded and chopped raisins, first dredging the raisins well with flour. Last of all stir in a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water. Beat up hard and quickly. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a quick and steady oven one hour.

SWEDISH pudding.—One-half pound of flour; one-half pound of butter; half pound of sugar; eight eggs; a little salt. Rub the sugar and butter to a cream: add the yolks well beaten, the salt, flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Cook by steaming them in a steamer about half an hour. Put the batter three-fourths of an inch deep into teacups. The batter will fill the cups. Turn them on a hot platter. Serve immediately with a clear brandy sauce in the bottom of the dish. Half the above quantity will be sufficient for a mall family.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One pint milk three quarters pound sugar: one-half box gelatine. Put these together, and set over a kettle of boiling water; after the gelatine is dissolved, beat four eggs and stir in. Leave over the fire until it looks clear, then let it cool. Beat to a stiff froth one pint of cream, then add vanilla to taste. Stir all well together, and set in a cool place with ice around it. When you add the eggs stir thoroughly all the time and when it is cool, beat it well. Put cake in a mould, stuck together with white of egg, and put the liquid inside, or serve cake and liquid separately.

WORKING BUTTER.—Wash the butter well with pure cold water, drain thoroughly before salting; an ounce of salt to a pound of butter is the rule: work the salt in evenly and set away in a cool place from five to twelve hours. When the salt has dissolved it is ready to work up a second time. Working butter a second time prevents it becoming streaked. Work out what brine you can, but take care not to work it until it becomes oily. The buttermilk should all be removed when the butter is washed, as it is that, and not the brine, as is generally supposed, which spoils the flavor of the butter and prevents it from keeping well.

CHESHIRE cheese toasted.—Cut some slices of stale bread about an inch thick, pare off the crusts and toast a light brown; cut slices of mellow cheese about a quarter of an inch in thickness, but not as large as the bread by half an inch on each side; cut off the rind, and lay on the toast in a cheese toaster; carefully watch the pieces that they do not burn. Serve smoking hot upon the toast with some good mustard and cayenne.

FOR a positive cure for water bugs.—Take a kettleful of water, a cupful of washing-soda. Let it come to a boil, after which pour it down the water-pipes, commencing at the top of the house. Repeat the operation once or twice and you will have destroyed ninety-nine per cent of the bugs, which breed inside the pipes during the month of September. The few remaining in the room can be reached with insect powder.

It is well to have a good deal of science brought to bear on all our modern inventions. In fact, all that we can possibly have will be none too much. The latest criticism on electric light is worthy of serious attention. It is from a doctor, we suppose, as it is credited to the London *Lancet*, which believes the naked electric light is fatal to the eyes, is too hard, "the waves of motion are too short, and the outstroke joins the instroke at too acute an angle." It is now in order for Mr. Brush and Mr. Weston to alter their electric lights so as to make the "waves of motion" longer, and to make the joining of the "outstroke and instroke" form a wider angle. Probably the writer in the *Lancet* sees the point, and perhaps Messrs. Weston and Brush will likewise see the point, but a vague suspicion hovers in our mind that the point the electric-light men see is not exactly the point the *Lancet* man had in mind when writing this stupedous piece of information,

TO KEEP VERY SHADED PLACES GREEN.—Especially in the front yards of dwellings, both in town and country, which are much shaded, we often see the ground completely bare, not a living thing being perceptible. Sometimes there are many nearly nude, straggling limbs lying upon the ground or very near it, which are unsightly and every way worthless, that ought to be cut away. This would give room for the growing there of some plant or vine that would be adapted to it, and which would not only cover the naked spot and make it a living "green," but would be adding much to the general appearance of the premises. The best vine for this purpose is undoubtedly the periwinkle. I will grow almost anywhere in the shade if the proper attention is given to it, but not otherwise. It is a beautiful vine and will densely cover the ground, producing nearly the whole season a very pretty blue flower. Weeds, however, are its deadly enemies. It can not fight them. Steadily they will enroach until they drive away our favorite and occupy the field of battle. A little help now and then, however, will defeat the common enemy, and allow us to enjoy the cool-looking, popular evergreen for many years without renewal.

EGYPTIAN CORN.—A cereal recently introduced into Kansas and New Mexico, it is said, was originally brought from Southern Russia. The first knowledge we had of its introdnction into this country, was some seed sent to us last season from San Anglos, California, where it is sometimes called pampas rice. We planted it as soon as received, and though it grew vigorously ane obtained a good growth for our climate, it failed to open. We were told that it was used in California principally as food for fowl, no mention being made of its use for bread. It is a cereal resembling very much our common millet although we should think the kernel is somewhat larger. It would undoubtedly constitute a good feed for stock the same as millet does, though we have known the latter to be ground like Indian corn and used for bread, which was said to be nearly as palatable and nutritious as that made from cornmeal. If, as is stated, it is unaffected by drought, worms and grasshoppers and other pests, and is largely productive, we see no reason why it may not constitute a staple of production among farmers in those states where the seasons are longer, and the climates less rigorous than in New England. We advise our farmers to make a trial of it.

KEEPING EGGS.—There is always some risk in keeping eggs a long time, and those not absolutely fresh will never sell well. When eggs stand long in one position the yolk gets down against the shell, ond if there is any evaporation, it soon either adheres to the shell or becomes a little tainted. Eggs may be greased and packed in oats in barrels headed up tight, kept cool and dry, and rolled or inverted, or both, every few days. Thus they will keep, and when wanted for market must be rolled in bran or meal to get the grease off, and perhaps dipped in lime water to give them a fresh look. How long they may be kept thus we do not know, but several months at least. Eggs will keep in lime water, but it is difficult to turn or roll the barrels, and so the yolk gets against the shell, and besides the shell looks very chalky, and their sale is hurt. The best way is, probably, to pack the fresh eggs in a barrel with meal or bran setting them on end, using no grease, for the meal absorbs it and turns rancid. Head up the barrel and invert once a week, and keep in a cool, dry place.

THE beet is one of the best of the early vegetables, and should be found in the gardens of farmers everywhere. The cultivation of beets is a simple matter. They require, in order to give the best results, only land, thorough tillage and absolute freedom from weeds. Sow as early in the spring as the ground can be got in good working order. Make the rows fifteen inches apart and drop the seed an inch apart in the row. If sown very early, and especially if the soil is heavy and cold, it is very desirable to sow the seed thick, say half an inch apart. Thin the plants before they begin to crowd each other, letting the plants stand from three to five inches apart in the row.

THE soil may be deficient in one substance and abounding in another. It may be considered rich when sown to a certain crop, and be too poor for another. A knowledge of this fact has enabled chemists to formulate special fertilizers for peculiar soils and particular crops, which enables farmers to economize in purchasing by avoiding the use of substances that exist in the soil, the saving in such purchases being applied to procuring that which is deficient. No two plants derive the same proportions of food from the soil, nor do any two varieties feed on exactly the same kind of fertilizing material. For instance, clover prefers a liberal supply of potash and lime, while the cereals do better with phosphoric acid and nitrogen.

AN agricultural paper which strongly advocates the use of air-slaked lime as a fertilizer says: "Lime is the driving wheel in the manurial laboratory, starting all the rest into action, and imparting to a soil that life and power that is necessary in the production of good crops. Applications of lime should be made every four or five years, and organic matter in some form every year, and if this is done any land will produce paying crops. The farmer who has not tried it should go about it at once."

FARMERS who have kept a strict account with their stock say that a pound of poultry can be made for less than a pound of pork, yet the laboring man who has to buy both feels that he cannot afford to buy poultry very often, as it costs more than any other meats. This leads the Concord *Monitor* to remark that the poultry-growing business may be much extended before the market will be overstocked so as to bring the price down to where it will not pay to raise.

There has been much talk and little information respecting the efficiency and arrangements of lightning rods. Indeed, many persons would as soon have an invocation, which the devout Canadian habitants place over their front doors as any metallic conductors. A person who was entrusted with the matter of equipping a church with lightning rods consulted a number of electricians upon the subject, and as the result of a number of opinions from experts he used a lightning rod made of round iron three-quarters of an inch in diameter and welded at each joint. The upper end of the rod was drawn to a point, and care was taken to provide a good ground connection with damp earth at the lower point. The rod was secured to the church by galvanized iron staples. The whole length of the rod was 192 feet, and the cost $14.80, or seven and three-quarters cents per foot. The rod conducted away a charge of electricity during a thunder storm, without any damage to the church,

A very useful rheostat has been devised by M. Trouve, the well known Parisian inventor. It consists of a German-silver spring inclosed in a nickel-plated tube, the spirals not being allowed to touch each other, and insulated from the tube by a pasteboard sheathing. Inside the spring is a rubbing contact formed of a metal rod split into four parts, like the split plugs of a resistance box. The rod is graduated in divisions. The current enters at one end of the spring, traverses it, the rubbing contact, and the graduated rod. When the rod is deeply inserted into the spiral coil, the current only traverses a few turns, and the resistance in circuit is very small; but when the rod is pulled out, the number of turns inserted is considerable. The divisions on the scale tell the number of turns in circuit. The device is employed by Trouve in connection with his polyscopes to regulate the strength of current supplied by a small Plante accumulator.

The production of nails by a marble mill is rather a curious fact, and one which the political economists ought to give some attention to, as showing to what extent the economy of waste products may be carried. Formerly the marble saws were very much of a nuisance around mills, and many a dump, if it could be overhauled, would show that tangled saws did their part in filling up the space. Now we believe there are scarcely any marble mills of the larger class which do not have nail machines at work when they are running. The varying thickness of the different sizes of nails of course confines the product to certain sizes to which the thickness of the saws is suitable. The varying widths of the saws themselves make it necessary to have them cut up in short lengths, so that the nail-making, to one who is familiar only with ordinary nail plate, is a rather curious process.

The women's department in the Boston Fair has created surprise among those who think that women cannot invent. Some of the contrivances are ingenious. A California woman has devised a table bedstead. There are a double piano stool, a bridle rein, an improved chimney, a birch bark life preserver, a ventilating screen, life-sized doll babies, carpet stretchers, floor clinging dustpans, kidney cures, and stove dampers, a photograph album, a pan greaser, a lock against burglars, and an autumn leaf catcher for cisterns.

In a paper read before the Geneva Hygienic Congress, Dr. Dally has maintained that the deformities of people may usually be traced to the positions in which they were kept while at school. That children are, as a rule, well formed at the commencement of school life, is indicated by the researches of Dr. Chassier, who found that only 122 out of 23,200 newly-born infants examined by him possessed abnormal peculiarities of any kind.

The last observations indicate that we are distant from the sun about 92,700,000 miles. These are the figures obtained as near as may be from the observations of the last Venus transits.

A specimen of vegetable wool is on exhibition at Amsterdam. It comes from Java. When it is freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, through a very simple process, it is worth between 16 and 17 cents a pound.

It is said that M. Tomassi has made an arrangement which makes the arc, or the luminous point, of the Jablochkoff light nearly stationary. As the "candle" burns down a selenium regulator acts as an automatic regulator.

SHEEP FARMING.—Despite the constant attention which is called to the value of sheep, not only as improvers of the land, but as profitable farm animals, for wool and mutton, there are many farmers who have never raised or kept a single sheep, though their farms are adapted to raising sheep largely and profitably. Why this is we cannot imagine, for facts and figures can be had by the score to prove the profitableness of sheep breeding, if necessary, and about the only drawback in many localities is the loss occasioned by dogs. Many a rough, wornout or neglected farm might be brought up rapidly and be made paying land, by breeding sheep thereon, as the manure from the sheep is one of the most enriching of manures, and is evenly and finely distributed. Of course they may not do this without being fed something besides what they can get in the fields, yet this additional food works to the profit of the breeder in two ways—it not only insures good and profitable growth of flesh and wool, but it makes the manure richer and more valuable. Even poor farmers can give sheep a trial by commencing in a small way, and then, as means and experience are gained, the flocks can be gradually increased by purchases, though the natural increase from a small flock of sheep is by no means inconsiderable, if properly managed and cared for as they should be. Like any other kind of stock, they must have good care and food to secure the greatest measure of profit.

To cure ingrowing nails one authority says: Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it till it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the deceased parts dry, and grow destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail is so exposed as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.

To make meat cheese.—Boil an ox's liver, heart, and tongue; remove all the hard and sinewy parts, and chop the remainder fine: add to this half a pound of boiled pork, also chopped fine; season it well; then tie in a cloth or put it into a pan, and press it hard. After standing a few hours it will come out in a solid cake and is very nice to slice from, for eating at breakfast or supper.

IT is time to forget all about old-fashioned cookery; to seize the newest and enjoy the present is the watchword. The quantity and quality of one's food is meeting with much thought and many words from the wiseacres of the present, and with their maxims and methods spread before us, one is almost afraid to attempt anything that does not savor of scientific rules. But the bright and ready housewife need not doubt her skill. Where there is a will there is a way.

EXPERIENCE is a good teacher, and perseverance will bring success. The "Dinner Table" introduced sauces last week, but was interrupted, and the recipes were left out. It was said some years since that we were a nation of a single sauce; it may have been so, but we are wiser now. Well made sauces are the perfection of cooking, a decorative art that improves plain dishes, and makes the cheaper cuts of meat inviting and palatable. The clarified white stock must always be ready as a basis for any sauce.

WITH boiled poultry serve celery sauce. The celery is simmered until tender. Then make a sauce by putting a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, and when it bubbles up stir in slowly a tablespoonful of flour. When cooked, season, and add half a pint of stock and half pint of boiling cream, and the celery cut in small pieces. Let it boil up one minute. Serve hot. The sauce can be made without the cream and celery with a pint of boiling stock and the addition of two or three beaten yolks of eggs, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, pepper and salt.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Six apples well stewed, quarter of a pound of butter, half of it stirred into the apples while hot; add sugar to taste; when cold add six eggs well beaten to the apples. Pound and sift six crackers, butter your dish and put in a layer of cracker and a layer of the prepared apple, and thus until you have filled your dish; let the cracker be the upper layer and put the remainder of your butter in small bits upon it. Bake half an hour.

SAUCE TARTARE.—Mix the following ingredients with a pint of good mayonnaise, and keep the sauce cool until wanted for use: One teaspoonful of chopped shallot or white onion, one tablespoonful each of finely chopped capers, parsley, and pickled gherkins; in the spring and summer add one tablespoonful of chopped green tarragon; in the winter substitute the sprig of tarragon which is always placed in the bottles containing capers, and which, of course, must be finely chopped.

A PIN cushion which is very handsome and delicate is of blue satin with a bunch of sweet peas painted on it; around the edge of the cushion is a pleating of heavy blue satin ribbon. It is pleated in double box pleats very close together, then around the cushion white lace is laid with the plain edge tucked down between the pleating and the cushion. At the corners it is simply folded nicely; the effect is lovely.

A NEW and striking design for a square cover for a table is to make the centre of plain satin, then put on a deep border of the crazy patchwork, and finish with a rich fringe. The patchwork should not have many plain pieces in it; those of embossed or figured velvet and brocade are much more effective, though the plain pieces may be ornamented with embroidery, which adds greatly to the beauty of the whole.

QUICK VINEGAR.—Fill a jug with cider, and turn into each gallon of cider a pint of molasses and a cupful of lively yeast. Have the jug full of the liquid; let it stand uncorked back of the cook-stove where it will keep warm. It will commence fermenting in twenty-four hours, and will not take over a week to make good, sharp vinegar. It must be drawn off into another jug, leaving the dregs, and kept in a tight corked jug or bottles, where it will not freeze

A HANDSOME handkerchief case is made of crimson plush with satin lining of the same color; on the upper side put a spray of rosebuds and leaves in ribbon embroidery. The case should be in shape like the two covers of a book, and should tie with a ribbon of the same color as the case.

COOKIES without shortening.—One cup sugar, yolk of of one egg, one-half cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, one of salt; roll thin; sprinkle sugar over the top before baking.

BUTTER PIE.—Cover the pie plate with crust as for custard pie; take a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one cup sweet cream, one teaspoonful of flour and sugar together, add cream, bake till brown.

MONTGOMERY CAKE.—One pound of pork, finely chopped, one pint boiling water, three cups sugar, one teaspoonful saleratus, one pound raisins, one-half pound currants, spices, flour enough to make the thickness of cup cake

I UNDERSTAND you were at a social hop at Mr. Brown's last night," said one young man to another.

"Yes, I was there," was the hesitating reply.

"Did you have a lively time?"

"Well, I should smile."

"Who was present on the occasion?"

"Oh, there was the old man, and the old woman, the daughter Mary, she's my girl you know, the three brothers, and a neighbor or two."

"No more than that for a hop?"

"If you'd seen us, you would have thought it was enough."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I didn't do much of anything. I only went to see my girl, and the old man, you know, didn't like it, and he walked in, and before I knew anything he hopped on to me. Then Mary hopped on to him, and the old lady hopped on to Mary, and the boys hopped on to the others, and the neighbors came in and I hopped on to my opportunity and got out."

"It wasn't so awful dang slow after all, was it?"

"Was it? Well, look at my eyes, and this arm in a sling, and this cut on my head, and these sewed-up places in my clothes, and then go up and take a squint at Mary and the old man, and the old woman, and the boys, and the furniture. Slow? Slow? Well, don't bill me for any more special hops till the spring of 1998."

A SOMEWHAT inebriated gentleman boarded a down car on Yonge street, Toronto. Balancing himself against the door he asked the conductor to let him off at Cruikshank street. When Wilton avenue was reached he recognized his destination, and, stumbling over to the bell-strap, gave it a tremendous tug. The conductor was irritated. "What do you mean by jerking the bell like that—ringing it at both ends?" he said, with rising anger. "Well—(hic)—don't I wansh the carsh to stop—(hic)—at both ends?"

A SUGGESTIVE reflection: Calino is very sad in thinking that his son, who is now only twelve years old, must one day leave him and enter the military service. "You have still got plenty of time before you," said a friend, trying to console him, "and before he is of age the law may be modified." "You are right," replied Calino, wiping away a tear. "And just think, if he were a widow's son he would be exempt!"

"BOY," said an excursionist to a bootblack at the post office yesterday, "are there any sights worth seeing near here?"

"Not this afternoon, as I kin think on," was the reply," "but you missed an awful big thing this forenoon."

"What was that?"

"Woman passed a bogus quarter on a man up here. Man passed a green watermelon on the woman. Both found it out about the same time, and it was 'nuff to make your blood run cold. She called him a gentleman, and he called her a lady, and she busted the green melon on the floor, and he flung the bogus quarter at a dog, and a horse he run away, and two boys had a fight, and the woman cried, and it was the awfullest time we ever saw. Next time you are coming on a 'scursion you'd better telegraph me and see if there's anything big going on."

"YOU are charged with carrying whisky away from an illict distillery," said the United States Judge to Uncle Silas, "What have you to say to that charge?" "I isn't guilty, sah. I didn't carry it away." "You had some, then? "Yes, sah, I had some." What did you do with it?" "Well, sah, all dat I had was inside ob me, an' I had so much dat I couldn't carry it away, so I jess stayed dar."

WHEN Lord Coleridge returns to his native 'earth and writes a book about America, we trust that he will not say that Chicago is a larger State than Hoboken; that Louisville is an isthmus that connects California and Hartford; that the Hudson river is a beautiful city; that the Alleghenies are a lovely archipelago, and that Idaho is the capital of Brooklyn.

"NO," said Mr. Littleman, "I didn't get the nomination for Governor. In fact, I wasn't named for any office, but I had the satisfaction of hearing the president cry out amidst the assembled thousands. 'I have a telegram for Mr. Small Littleman, of Squashville.' It cost me twenty-five cents, but, by gosh! it was worth it.'

"YES," said the superintendent of a Texas railroad, "we have water boys on the train now, but we didn't once. I recollect the first one we put on. He entered a car filled with cattle men. As soon as they realized that he was offering them water to drink, they took action. The boy saw his danger and made for the door; but he fell on the platform just riddled with bullets."

THE base ball player will drop his bat and lie down with the iceman as soon as the latter hangs up his tongs for the season. And then they will be made delegates to ward and county conventions and sell their votes to every candidate for the various nominations and thus lay up enough money to put them well through the winter.

THE weather clerk at Washington has struck a new dodge. He now predicts weather for two days ahead, and if on Monday night he says Wednesday will be clear and pleasant, the next day he will say that it will be cloudy and rainy, and in this way he seldom makes a miss.

"I'M glad for one, remarked a hangeron near an up-town headquarters, "that David Davis has gone out of politics." "Why so?" asked another lounger. "It leaves room for a dozen or more of us ordinary fellows to step in," was the reply.

AN exchange speaks of a "vegetable acrobat," but it is not what the boy calls a "turn-up." If there is an acrobat in the floral kingdom it must be the "Johnny-jump-up."

A MASSACHUSETTS book agent, who was wearing a small circular piece of court-plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since, and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court-plaster, he had affixed a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock purchased the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription, "Warranted solid brass."

An honest man thanked: "What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed a man who entered the drug store in a terribly excited manner. "What do you mean by your carelessness, I say? You sold my boy laudanum for paregoric, and it was only by the luckiest chance that the baby isn't now lying dead; yes, sir, dead—murdered by your criminal carelessness." "What's that?" said the druggist, looking up from his desk. "I sold you laudanum instead of paregoric! Mercy! how could I have been so forgetful! Of course you'll pay the difference in cost. Laudanum is more expensive than paregoric, you know. You've come in to pay the difference no doubt. I'm obliged to you, sir, obliged to you."

A SWEETHEART'S solicitude: "I'm so alarmed, Lizzie," exclaimed a St. Louis girl, who was engaged to be married to a young army officer. "He hasn't written to me in three days." "There is no occasion to get excited," was the reassuring reply; "he is out of the reach of Indians, there is no epidemic prevailing where he is stationed and when he last wrote to you he was in perfect health." "Oh, yes I know all that, Lizzie," said the timid, agitated creature, "but then there's the the army worm."

A YOUNG tenor obtained a hearing before a director of one of the provincial theatres.

He sang, but the manager stopped him at the end of three or four notes.

"Very well, he said, "leave me your address, and I will think of you if it should happen—"

"What you mean by if it should happen?" interrupted the young tenor.

"Why, if my theatre should burn—"

"Well?"

"I should engage you to cry fire!"

MODESTY on tip-toes: "Why will you associate with such men as Flimsy?" asked Brown. "For my part, I always endeavor to associate with men who are my superiors." "It can't be hard work for you to find them," replied Fogg; "but I am different from you. I am always willing that my friends should associate with their superiors."

A HUMORIST was once called into the presence of the managing editor and solemnly reproved for the dulness of his wit. "Your jokes," quoth the editor, "are so bad that I am daily compelled to print them in that nondescript department entitled 'Pearls of Thought.'"

RUSKIN seems to have a blissful ignorance of the cost of coal. He says a couple ought to court seven years to become thoroughly acquainted. That is the way with philosphers; they have no thought for the practicahties of life.

IT is said that a certain millionaire in this city was a horse-car conductor thirty years ago. Those were the good old days when it was not imperative to "punch in the presence of the passenger."

AN old sod will rot more quickly if plowed shallow, provided the work is well done. In the bottom of a deep furrow, especially in early spring, the sod is too cold to decompose rapidly.

A YOUNG man in South Carolina, only twenty years of age, has been engaged nineteen times already. He will not be so reckless as he grows up, should he ever grow up. But smart people die young.

It is popularly supposed that all the literary men of Scotland live on oatmeal partly because it is nutritious, but mainly because their incomes are too modest to afford anything else. Recent returns do not confirm this latter supposition. There are thirty-nine professorships in the University of Edinburgh. Of these eighteen receive $5 000 or more a year each and five get $10,000. The professor of anatomy receives $16,000 a year, the professor of Latin $7,500, the professor of Greek $7,500, and the professor of mathematics $7,500. Two of the teachers last mentioned are under thirty-three years of age. Ten of the twenty-eight professors in Glasgow receive over $5,000 and three ever twice that sum. The salary of the Latin professor is $11,000, and of the Greek and Latin teachers $9,000 and $10,000 respectively.

It has long been proposed to extend a chain of earthquake observatories over the volcanic districts of Italy, and Prof. de Rossi now urges the immediate completion of the series of such stations. Earthquakes are often heralded days in advance by phenomena familiar to seismologists, making it possible to issue earthquake warnings in season to enable inhabitants of threatened districts to find places of safety. An observatory at Cassamicciola might have saved many lives.

It is to be hoped that the International Electric Exhibition, to open in September of next year under the auspices of the Franklin Institute, will prove a decided success, as from first to last American inventors gave the greatest impulses to an established industry in electric lighting, etc., based on grand discoveries.

—There is an electric light in use for mining which can be seen 42 miles.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Dec. 12, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

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Dealers in White Goods,
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28jun tf It will pay you to call

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 P.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	7.00	9.10	9.40	6.40	7.20
Lewisburg, ar.	7.10	9.20	9.45	15.0	5.30
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.05	2.10	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.13	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.27	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		10.36	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.00	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.60			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8	10 P.M
Spring Mills		5.50			1.5
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.4
Milmont		7.40			3.5
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		A.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		11 55	4.15
			P.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.10	4.32
Biehl		8.20		12.13	4.3
Fair Ground		8.30		12.23	4.38
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.30	5.5
Lewisburg, lv.	6.35	8.45	9.25	1.10	5.0
Montandon ar.	6.45	ar.9.00	ar.9.35	ar.1.20	ar.5.1

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.35 P. M. and 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6.00 P. M. and 7.55 P. M.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Look out for the great holiday attractions at the Bee Hive.

——There are a number of cases of scarlet fever at Millheim.

Go to Zeller's drug store for fine Holiday goods. 2

——John Treaster, of Treaster valley, trapped a large wild cat last week.

Toys and dolls, finest lot in the county, and at low prices, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

——John D. Decker and son killed a large deer last week in the Seven Mts.

Look out for the great holiday attractions at the Bee Hive.

——The Boalsburg hotel stand is adv. by B. F. Stover, in the Reporter, for sale or rent.

——For Holiday goods in large variety and cheap in price, go to Valentines Store &o., Lim., Bellefonte.

——Jacob Solt, of this place has gotten up an improved chopper machine, which works easier than the old kind.

——Mr. Geo. Stover has sold his Forks hotel for $5000 to a gentleman from Watsontown, named Kooner.

——John Miller, of Rock Springs, has purchased the property of Charles Henny, at Penn Hall, 29 acres at $2600.

George P. James, Newville, Pa. says: Brown's Iron Bitters completely regulated my bowels and is a good appetizer.

——Dinges & Rearick have set an example worthy of imitation by putting up a large, glaring lamp in front of their store.

——Chas. Henny, of Penn Hall, has purchased the farm of Henry Kreamer, near Spring Bank, in Miles twp., 76 acres for $6000.

——A farmer across the valley is reported to have a 30 lb. turkey. Golly, how we would like to knock the stuffing out of such a one.

——Sunday school festivals provided with choice candies, in any quantity, at prices lower than other shops will ask for the same, at Cedars.

A CARD.—Wm. Wolf has just retued from Philadelphia where he has purchased a large and fine assortment of Christmas goods. Come and see our stock before buying your presents and you will not regret it. WOLF & SON.

——Dr. Stam, of Millheim, purchased Mr. Rearick's house and lot, at Spring Mills, for $1200, and will remove to the latter place to practice his profession.

——For bargains in stoves, tinware, etc., read ad. of John A. Grenoble, who also sells the patent iron roofing, an article that will outlast any building.

——John D. Decker, of the Seven Mts., killed 13 wild turkeys this fall already. We'd been satisfied to have killed the odd one leaving him the even dozen.

All opposition silenced by low prices in clothing at the Philad. Branch. Lewins & Co. never surrender. Greatest assortment in the county; call and see for yourself.

——Get your tombstones, monuments, etc., at Stover's Bellefonte Marble Works, if you want the handsomest work in that line in the state, and cheaper than elsewhere in this county.

——Thirty cents worth of lumber will repair all the holes in the board walk in front of the Ev. church. A damaged limb resulting from those traps may cost the congregation several thousand dollars.

——All of Wm. Young's real estate, at Mifflinburg, was sold at Sheriff's sale, a few days ago. The hotel, store room and two lots brot $3,070—all the property, total $15,265—all to the Commercial Nat. Bank, Reading.

——We have received from Henry Meyer, a former typo in this office, a good sized chunk of rich silver ore sent us by mail from Leadville, Col., where Mr. Meyer now is. Wish we had a couple tons of such stuff.

You can't cure your rheumatism by "rubbing it in" with liniments. Try Smith's German Olio and drive it out of the system.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

J. D. Long has sold his house and lot along the turnpike to Mrs. John Zeigler for $1500. Mr. Long has commenced to build for himself a new house on his grain house lot. Mr. Rearick has taken in his warehouse over 2100 bu. of wheat. Wheat is bringing $1. Mr. Rearick has unloaded his 200th ton of stove coal for his fall. Mr. Geo. Korman has been ill for the last few months with dropsy of the heart. Mrs. Adam Grenoble is very poorly. The Evens bridge on the railroad is being repaired. A platform is to be built at the station 100 feet long which was needed long ago. It is reported that Spring Mills is to be the central point when the railroad is made through—we trust it will soon be the point. X

PENN HALL ITEMS.

Preaching in the Accademy Hall next Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. by Rev. Z. A. Yerick. We are told the school houses in Brushvalley are occupied by tramps at night. There is some unpleasantness in the Beaver Dam school between the scholars and the teacher. J. B. Fisher killed three fine hogs last week, weighing as follows—405, 410 and 445. Reuben Kline seems to enjoy the mistake made last week when the saddle-bag preacher was taken for him. Frank Fisher was nursing a boil on his chin. George Korman is seriously ill. Mrs. Adam Grenoble is not improving any. Frank Haines has returnad from Missouri—he was gone about six months. We hear James Grenoble proposes to move back from Altoona. Jno. Swarm will quit his trade and go to farming for George Krape. Sam'l Ripga has gone to assist his aged father in the mountains. Mr. Levan is an expert team driver. Christmas will be here presently, and with it will come the usual presents; who will remember the News Boy? NEWS BOY.

——If war does break out between China and Japan, it will cause a rise in the price of clothing at all the stores in the world, except at the Philad. Branch where they will run in the old ruts of low prices as heretofore, give every one full value for his money and guarantee all articles as represented.

——Mr. Kurtz left for Philadelphia on Monday, with the railroad committee, to meet President Roberts and the special committee of his board in behalf of the completion of our road. If any thing of importance transpires before we go to press it will be telegraphed by Mr. Kurtz for this issue of the REPORTER

Look out for the great holiday attractions at the Bee Hive

Jonathan Kreamer, of Millheim, died at his home on last Friday morning, 7 Mr. Kreamer had been suffering for some two years from a dropsical affection, which confined him to the house for the last six months. He was widely known as one of Millheim's landlords—the founder of the National hotel. He was of a sociable disposition, kind-hearted, clever and accommodating. He was born in Penn township and lived there all his life-time. His age was about 62 years.

——Mr. Elis Kreamer, of Penn, landed 170 fine shoats, big, little and indifferent, here on last Friday. He bought them up in Indiana county for retailing in our valley, the swine crop being a little scant here.

At Huntingdon, on night of 4 instant, J. H. Van Huton, an agent of Simonton Sleiss, was waylaid and robbed of $350 at 11 o'clock at night by two highwaymen at the corner of Fifth and Allegheny streets. Mr. Van Huton had just returned from Clearfield county on a collecting tour and it is supposed the parties who attacked him were aware of the money in his possession. One of the ruffins caught him by the throat and the other beat him severely on the head with a billy until he was rendered unconscious, when the ruffins relieved him of his money and fled.

The untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

——China ware, vases, glassware, all fine goods for the holidays, at Cedars.

DR. KESSLER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH COUGH MEDICINE.

The reliable and never failing standby in croup and whooping cough unequaled as a remedy in colds and all lung troubles. Do not waste time and money and endanger precious lives experimenting with worthless medicines, but get the best at once.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

McDonald's improved liver pills are indorsed by eminent physicians and used by them in their daily practice. Trial package free.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

For smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness as a worm destroyer McDonald's celebrated worm powders surpass any vermifuge on earth. Entirely vegetable.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

Dr. Kessler's cough medicine, McDonald's improved liver pills and celebrated worm powders are sold and warranted by J. D Murray, Centre Hall, and all druggists and dealers in medicines.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia, agents.

ST. ELMO HOTEL
No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2 00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
28aprtf

——DON'T YOU WANT SOMETHING FOR THE HOLIDAYS?—If you want something nice, reasonable and useful, go to Deshner's in Bellefonte. Two-bladed knives for boys 10 cents. Finer quality knives, a good assortment. Violins, best makers, from $1.50 up. Accordeons, best German, $2 50 and up. Mouth Harmonicas, Richter's, 15 cts.; also a large assortment of higher priced mouth Harmonicas, Revolvers from $1 up. Boys' and men's guns from $2 50 up. I have also a good stock of violin, guitar and banjo strings from 5 to 16 cents each. The latter priced are the best in market. THEO. DESHNER,
5dec3t Bellefoute, Pa.

A great many people feel themselves gradually failing. They don't know just what is the matter but they suffer from a combination of indiscribable aches and pains, which each month seem to grow worse. The only sure remedy known that will contract this feeling and restore perfect health is Brown's Iron Bitters. By rapid assimilation it purifies the blood, drives out disease, gives health and strength to every portion reached by the circulatory system, renews wasted tissues and restores robust health and strength.

GOOD FARMING LAND.

A Rocky Mill Site Converted into Ten Acres of Rich Farming Land.

GUILFORD, Ind., Nov. 30.—R. M. Robinson came to town to buy a boiler and engine, with which to run a small grist mill on the Whitewater, a stream which empties into the Miami. Mr. Robinson tells a queer story of the loss of the water power, by which the mill was originally operated. The mill site consisted of ten acres of stony land, wholly unproductive and of no value except as a site for a mill, the power being obtained from a large dam which was fed by the Whitewater. The entire valley for miles, with the exception of these ten barren acres, is a garden spot. The soil is as rich as any in the Miami bottoms.

"The recent rains," said Mr. Robinson, "did great damage throughout Indiana. After the flood receded we found that our mill dam was filled level full of rich soil washed away from the farms above us. There were perhaps three acres in the dam. We had about seven acres of 'stony batter' outside the dam, and this was also covered to the depth of from five to ten feet with the richest soil in the valley. Altogether we were the gainers by the flood to the extent of ten acres of good farming land. If we had steam instead of water to drive our machinery we would laugh at our loss. This is the first time I ever heard of any one catching a farm in a flood, but we have caught one sure. It is small, but no smaller than many others in the valley that are making their owners rich. Our 'stony batter' before the high water was not worth over $150. Our new ten acres are just as valuable for truck farming as some lands that have been sold there recently for $400 an acre."

Mr. Robinson believes his acquisition is a permanent one. Such a freshet may not occur again in that steam in a hundred years, and if it should be repeated he believes his ten acres will, on account of their location, gather much more soil than they will lose.

RAILWAY DIPLOMACY.

The Rock Island Road Steals a March on the Northwestern.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—There are prospects of lively times among the northwestern railway lines before long. Some years ago, in advance of the settlement of the country, the Chicago and Northwestern and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul companies built into Southern Dakota. The Northwestern has reached Ordway and the St. Paul is not many miles away. For the last two years these companies have done little in the way of construction, concluding to wait until the country filled up a little. Since the construction of the roads immigrants have found that neither one of the lines runs through the best and richest country of Southern Dakota, and as a consequence many of the settlements are far away from these lines. H. H. Porter, whose success in unloading the Omaha road on the Chicago and Northwestern will be recalled, is now busily at work on another big scheme, assisted, it is said, by R. R. Cable and other heavy stockholders in the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road. This syndicate has already secured the right of way for a railroad from Ordway to Bismarck, Dak., running northwest through a very fertile country, and paralleling the Northern Pacific for a ways, and is making arrangements as speedily as possible for beginning the construction of the line. Besides this it is authoratively stated here that the Rock Island road is preparing to extend its line from Worthington, Minn., due west between the western extensions of the Northwestern and St. Paul roads to Ordway, thus forming a junction with Porter's new cut off to the Northern Pacific. The bold stroke thus mapped out by the Rock Island people has been in contemplation for some time, and has long been feared by the older northwestern lines. It is believed here that the successful invasion of the far northwest by the Rock Island will complicate the railroad situation in that section not a little and that present pooling and other arrangements will be knocked higher than a kite.

A Fateful Christening.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—William Frazer, who was shot last Sunday night at a christening in Paterson, N. J., by John Walker, died at the Ladies' hospital. Before his death he saw his wife, child and mother. The thought that his mother would have no one to care for her embittered his last moments.

The first intimation that Walker had that Frazer was dead came from some prisoners who were sent to jail yesterday morning. He was afterward seen making a minute examination of the entrance to the jail and its fastenings; and on this account and because he is considered a desperate character he is kept locked in a cell most of the time. Although he is not yet twenty years of age, he has been in a good deal of difficulty since his arrival in this country last April, and the police have information that he was compelled to leave Ireland because of several charges against him of atrocious assault and battery.

Walker participated in the Orangemen's parade in Paterson on July 12 last, although not an Orangemen himself, and in the riot which broke up the parade he struck Policeman McCloud on the hand with a sword. For this he was arrested, but the grand jury did not indict any of the participants in the riot.

An Epidemic Among Dogs.

WATERBURY, Ct., Dec. 1.—An epidemic has broken out among the dogs here. Attention was first called to the fact about two weeks ago, since which time over fifty canines, from the pet poodle to the valuable pointer, have fallen victims to the disease, which appears to be a sort of catarrh. If the malady will confine itself to dogs it will be wise to allow is full scope, but veterinary men fear it may prove contagious among horses. Only one dog that has been attacked with the disease has gone through the course of fever which follows the catarrh, coming out safe, and this one is so wasted that it is far from being a model dog.

The Ohio Senatorship.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 1.—A careful estimate of the strength of the several candidates for the United States senate from Ohio telegraphed here from Columbus makes the following showing: Pendleton, 38; Payne, 20; Ward, 8; Converse, 4; Geddes, 1; Seney, 1; Morgan, 1; doubtful Pendleton, 4; doubtful Payne, 3; doubtful, 2; total, 82. Necessary to a choice, 42. The name of each member of the house and senate is given, with their preference, and it is believed that the above recapitulation comes very near showing the exact strength of the different candidates at this time. The showing is highly gratifying to the friends of Senator Pendleton.

Honorably Discharged.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Thomas W. Guos, who was arrested last week by Inspector Byrnes, on suspicion of being implicated with William B. Carroll, the dishonest coupon clerk of the comptroller's office, was examined before Recorder Smyth in the court of general sessions. After a number of witnesses had testified, Recorder Smyth said that there was not sufficient evidence to implicate the accused with the frauds, and [illegible]

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, December 3.

Thomas Camp, owner of one of the largest agricultural works in the south, at Covington, Georgia, closed out his business yesterday. A weight of unavailable resources caused the trouble.

It is suggested by those familiar with the relations between the Egyptians and their commanders that the soldiers in the late battle may have murdered the European officers, including Gen. Hicks, and deserted to El Mahdi.

Alexander Wolf, aged fifteen, of Bellaire, Ohio, was found dead on the railroad track, his body horribly mutilated. He had been at a dance in the village during the night. He had charge of the ferry, and usually carried money, and his father thinks that he was murdered and his body placed on the track to allay suspicion.

Tuesday, December 4.

The public schools of Waterbury, Ct., have been ordered closed for a month on account of diphtheria.

Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks and wife, of Indiana, have gone to Europe and will not return before spring.

Mrs. Hudson, alias Frank Dubois, the "woman husband," has left Milwaukee to join her husband in Illinois.

Counsel for Dr. Goerson, convicted of murdering his wife and mother-in-law, in Philadelphia, have moved for a new trial.

During the month of November the various mints coined 9,588,500 pieces of silver, representing an aggregate value of $5,824,910.

Thomas Samon, arrested for the triple murder in Laconia, N. H., has made a full confession of the terrible crime. There is great excitement and threats of lynching.

Nailers employed by the Pottstown, Pa., Iron company, which has the largest capacity of any nail factory in the country, have struck against a reduction of ten per cent. in wages.

Wednesday, December 5.

It is believed that a visit of King Alfonso to Italy is in contemplation.

England has arranged a provisional commercial treaty with Spain.

Great excitement prevails over the discovery of a valuable silver mine near Boyd, Wis.

The vote on the proposition to abolish contract labor in New York was 405,882 for, 226,956 against, and 405 scattering.

The English geographical society has decided to send an expedition to explore and survey the island of New Guinea.

T. B. Harris, a stock raiser and banker of Tom Green county, Texas, has informed the government that twenty miles of his fence had been destroyed by fence cutters, and that 10,000 posts and two car loads of wire, together with hay and other property, had been burned.

Under a late decision by the postmaster general, articles sent by mail as merchandise or as samples of merchandise are to be valued as "fourth class" mailable matter, and charged postage as such at the rate of one cent per ounce or fraction thereof, notwithstanding any printing such articles may bear or contain.

Thursday, December 5.

Two hundred and twenty seven bills were presented in the senate on the second day of its session.

Dayton, Ky., is excited over the mysterious disappearance of its mayor, who is said to be considerably in debt.

Gen. Slocum intends soon to introduce a bill in congress to extend national aid and encouragement to state militia organizations.

Hon. Frederick Billings has increased his gift for the new library building of the University of Vermont from $75,000 to $100,000.

John R. Buchtel has presented $200,000 to the Buchtel college, making in all nearly half a million dollars which he has presented to this institution.

The mystery in the Bennett arson case at Milwaukee has been solved by the confession of Mrs. Bennett. The confession was made to Lieut. Jansson.

The secretary of the treasury has decided that foreign pictures for the Art Loan exhibition in aid of the Bartholdi statue fund be admitted free of duty.

Friday, November 7.

Both houses of congress have adjourned to Monday.

The western wheat crop is reported as going into the winter in a rank and vigorous condition.

Krocz, the organizer of the A B C union of grocers' clerks in New York city, is held for trial at $5,000 bail.

The suit of Robert McJunll for $10,000 damages against the Standard Oil company resulted in a verdict in his favor.

Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill in congress which proposes practically to suspend the coinage of the silver dollar.

The Salt Lake News says that the president's remarks about polygamy in his message "are a sop to bigots and breathe to the flame of popular passion."

In a speech delivered at a banquet in Boston Gen. Butler mysteriously hinted that he might be a candidate for president in 1884 and that he could carry Massachusetts.

Saturday, November 8.

The discovery of gold has been made near Warwarsing, Ulster county, N. Y.

Charles F. Freeman, the religious fanatic, has been taken to the Danvers insane asylum.

The whole business part of Willmington, N. C., has been destroyed by fire. The losses will probably reach $40,000.

The directors of the New Orleans centennial exposition have agreed upon a plan for the main building. It will seat 12,000 people.

The court has denied the motion for a non suit in the Dwight case. The decision is a great disappointment to the defendant's counsel.

It is now thought that Speaker Carlisle will be able to announce the standing committees of the house by next Monday week, the 17th.

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 5.—The eleventh annual convention of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg association was opened at Smith and Nixon's hall. Mayor Stephens made a brief address of welcome to the delegates, and was followed by Mr. Patterson, president of the produce exchange of this city, who extended the hospitality of the city to the convention. Mr. John MacDonald, president of the association, responded, and the organization of the convention was proceeded with. There are over 400 delegates in attendance, representing twenty two states and territories. Tonight the members of the Cincinnati produce exchange serenaded the visitors at the Grand and other hotels.

They are All at Peace.

FORT GIBSON, D. T., Dec. 8.—Perryman, the newly elected chief of the Creek Nation, was peacefully inaugurated. This settles the trouble among the Creeks which caused the calling out of troops last summer, the appointment of a governmental peace commission and the ordering of a special election. Ispanheche and Chicota, who were rival candidates with Perryman for the chieftanship, have been chosen as delegates to Washington [illegible]

BUCHANAN'S LOYALTY.

Joseph Holt, Postmaster-General and afterwards Sec'y of War under Pres't Buchanan, has written a four column letter to the "National Republican" in reply to certain statements recently made in an interview by Jacob Thompson, who was a sec'y member of President Buchanan's Cabinet. The letter deals with questions of personal rather than of public interest, and is a reply to what Mr Holt calls "scurrilous charges affecting his reputation." It closes with the following defense of the loyalty of President Buchanan:

I cannot close this communication without bearing emphatic testimony to the loyalty of President Buchanan throughout the troubled and trying scenes which marked the last months of his administration. With measureless responsibilities oppressing him; badgered by traitors and by the department of the Government which owed him sympathy and a loyal support, and standing as he did on the brink of a great national calamity, the imminence of which was awening all hearts, he was often cast down, but never unfaithful to his duties. Amid the blinding rancor of party strife he was constantly misunderstood and misrepresented. He was not an aggressive man, nor at all given to violent forms of speech or of action. He shrank from the contemplation of civil war and the bloodshed it would involve and sought to postpone it to the last possible moment. But in all this there was no tint of disloyalty. While, however, uniformly gentle and suave in his modes, he was not the less firm in view of the ends to be finally attained And yet it was this very gentleness and suavity—the result in part, perhaps, of his peculiar temperament, but yet more, it may be, of the training inseparable from his diplomatic career—which often misled men who dared not to reflect that iron hands are sometimes found in silken gloves.

MARRIED.

On 29 Nov., by Rev. Keiser, W. A. Harris and Cara N. Gates, both of Ferguson.

On 2 inst., by ——, Mr. Ed. Rupp, of Penn Hall, and Miss Annie Reifsnyder, of Millheim.

On 27 ult., by Rev. S. M. Roeder, Mr. Peter S Soffler, to Miss Sadie Ferguson, both of Yeagerstown, Mifflin Co.

DIED.

On 5 inst, in Penn twp., Mrs Musser, wife of Sebastian Musser.

HOLIDAY CARD.

I am now ready for the Holidays and can show you the most complete assortment ever displayed in this Congressional, Judicial or Senatorial district. I never had so many Ladies' Gold Watches to show you as now, nor as varied an assortment, they always make a proper Christmas present. Silver ware of all descriptions, from a napkin ring worth 50 cts. to a service costing $100. My stock is especially full of inexpensive articles in this line. I was never as able to lay before you as splendid an assortment of Finger Rings as now, from the smallest and cheapest child's ring up to the finest diamond. An immense stock of bracelets, ranging from $1.50 to 50 dollars a pair. In Gold Spectacles I think I can suit the most fastidious, and a pair of the Arnudle Gold Spectacles makes an appropriate present for any one who requires an assistance to the eye.

FRANK P. BLAIR,
Sole and Exclusive agent for the
ROCKFORD WATCH CO.,
GRAHAM SILVER CO.,
ARUNDLE SPECTACLES, &c.
No. 2 Brockerhoff House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of Reuben Stump, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN F. ALEXANDER,
5dec6t Executor, Centre Hall, Pa.

HOTEL STAND FOR SALE OR RENT.

The Stover hotel stand, at Boalsburg, is offered at private sale or for rent. The hotel is centrally located, and in good repair. Possession given on April first, next. For further information apply to
5dec6f B. F STOVER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a valuable homestead at private sale, situated about two miles west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road, consisting of a HOUSE, bank-barn, wagon-shed, outbuildings, 11 acres of ground, with the choicest of all kinds of fruits, and an excellent well of water. The land is in a good state of cultivation, adjoining the Van Valzah farm, near the Brushvalley road.
28nov3m WM. W. HORNER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

CAUTION.—Having purchased the articles mentioned below, at Constable's sale, Dec. 8 1883, as the property of George Koch, I will leave the same in his possession, and caution all parties against meddling with the same: One cow, one heifer, 3 hogs, one lot hay, lot potatoes, one book case, one corner cupboard. Loaned during pleasure. 12dec3t J. C. BOAL,
Centre Hall, Pa.

CHRISTMAS CLOSE AT HAND.

As the holidays are rapidly approaching and people are desirous of giving and receiving Christmas presents, and as useful gifts are always the most sensible, we wish to call your attention to our complete stock of BOOTS & SHOES, just the thing to make boys, girls and older folks happy and comfortable during the long winter that is before us. We have Elegant Men's Slippers, combining comfort and elegance. Our stock is in all respects full and complete. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and see us, feeling assured we can meet your wants in all respects and especially in our prices. JOHN POWERS & SON,
Bellefonte, Pa.

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m L. J. GRENOBLE.

Match 'em! Match 'em! if you can We mean, match the low prices in clothing at the Philad. Branch. Lewins & Co. keep ahead still for bargains in suits; many try to get even with them, but failure is the result, and the famous Philad. Branch keeps ahead. Go and see their immense assortment of ready made clothing for men and boys. 2

Plushgoods for Holiday presents, at Zeilers, Bellefonte. 2

BELLEFONTE MARKET

Grain—Wheat, 1 00; Rye. 60; Oats, 35, Corn, old 60, new 50 by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 30, eggs 30, ham 16, shoulders 14, sides 12½, lard 13, potatoes 60—by Valentines' Store.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 20 to 25 cts. per lb; eggs, 30 to 33 cts. per doz; potatoes, 50c, chickens, 50 to 60 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 55 cts. per bu; oats, 40 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 25 to 50 cts. per pk; cabbage, 8 to 10 per head apples, 20 to 25c per peck; turnips, 15c per peck; celery, 5 cents per stalk.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red and mix	$1.00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears old	60
Oats	35
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 25c; tallow, 6; lard, 12; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 28 cents.

Corrected weekly by L. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3. 25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MADISONBURG PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable homestead at Madisonburg, consisting of one LOT, thereon erected a two-story dwelling HOUSE, summerhouse, carpenter shop, woodshed, and a good stable and other outbuildings. Everything is in first class order, and any one desiring a fine home in town should call and see this property. 7nov2m SAMUEL ZEIGLER.

Bee Hive Stores.

THEY MUST FAIL!
WHAT OUR COMPETITORS SAY.

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell Linen Table Spreads at 50 cents,
If we have to pay 75c. for the same in large quantities?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell White Blankets for $1½
When we have to pay $2 for them at wholesale?

Afford to sell White Blankets for $3
When we have to pay $3½ for them at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell White Blankets for $6
When we have to pay $7 for them at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell School bags at 5c.
When we have to pay 15c. at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Sell woolen socks for 20c.
When we have to pay 30c. at wholesale?
It is strange but nevertheless true.

The manufacturers and Importers from whom we buy do not mind this talk, because we
——BUY FOR THE CASH——
And our patrons certainly do not mind it, because they reap the benefit of our sacrifices. We are determined not to be undersold by anybody. We are determined to make the
——BEE-HIVE——
A household word. We are determined to convince our patrons that there is no place in the world where they will receive better and fairer treatment than at the
——BEE-HIVE——
The largest stock of
DRESS GOODS, SILKS,
VELVETS, PLUSHES,
FLANNELS, CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, etc., etc.
Between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.
LADIES TAILOR MADE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY
Respectfully yours,
GOLDSMITH BROS.,
31oct Bellefonte, Pa.